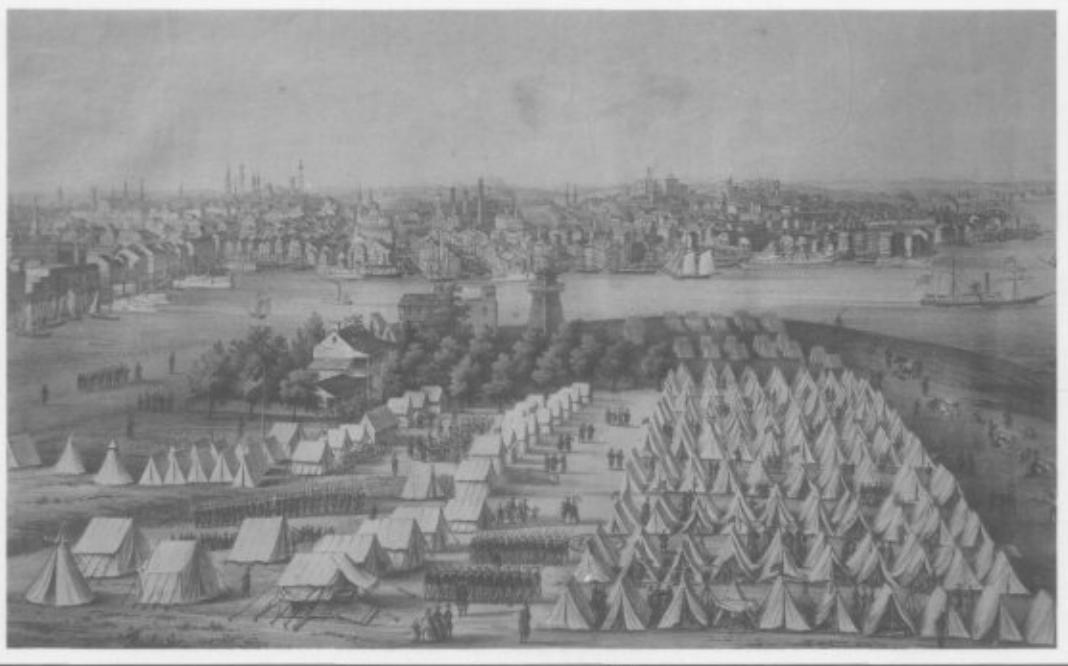


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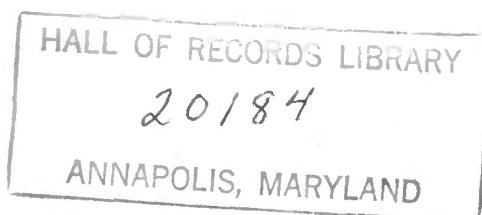
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CONTENTS

<i>George Minor Anderson, S.J.</i>	Correspondence of Thomas Anderson of Rockville with His Parents, James and Mary Anderson, 1855-1859	1
<i>John C. Brennan</i>	John Wilkes Booth's Enigmatic Brother Joseph	22
<i>Curtis Carroll Davis</i>	"The Pet of the Confederacy" Still? Fresh Findings about Belle Boyd	35
<i>Daniel E. Sutherland</i>	"Altamont" of the <i>Tribune</i> : John Williamson Palmer in the Civil War	54
<i>Frederic Trautmann, ed.</i>	Maryland Through a Traveler's Eyes: A Visit by Samuel Ludvigh in 1846	67
 Book Reviews		
<i>Papenfuse and Coale, The Hammond-Harwood House Atlas of Historical Maps of Maryland, 1608-1908</i> by Gary L. Browne • <i>Teetor, A Matter of Hours: Treason at Harper's Ferry</i> by Karl G. Larew • <i>Turner, Beware the People Weeping: Public Opinion and the Assassination of Abraham Lincoln</i> by Daniel E. Sutherland • <i>Beveridge, McLaughlin and Schuyler, eds., The Papers of Frederick Law Olmsted, Volume II: Slavery and the South, 1852-1857</i> by John B. Boles • <i>Curry, The Free Black in Urban America, 1800-1850</i> by Dean R. Esslinger • <i>Dowling, City Hospitals: The Undercare of the Underprivileged</i> by Michael A. Cooke • <i>Bullock, The Afro-American Periodical Press, 1838-1909</i> by Spencer R. Crew		72
 NEWS AND NOTICES		
MARYLAND PICTURE PUZZLE		80
ROADSIDE HISTORIC MARKERS AROUND THE STATE		81
		82





E97 CAMP OF THE DURYEA'S [sic] ZOUAVES FEDERAL HILL BALTIMORE MD.
LOOKING NORTH. LITH. & PRINT. BY E. SACHSE & CO., 104 S. CHARLES ST. BALTO.,
MD. ENTERED . . . 1861 BY E. SACHSE & CO . . . MARYLAND.** Lithograph, printed
in colors. 22 x 36.8 cm. State 2 (reproduced): MdBPM, MdHi, CCr. State 1: Title
reads: CAMP OF THE DURYEA'S [sic] ZUAVES [sic] FEDERAL HILL BALTIMORE.
MdBPM, VBHo.

The Fifth Regiment New York Volunteers, better known as Duryee Zouaves after Colonel Abram Duryee, are shown here in July 1861 in a tent camp engaged in routine training and drill. By September the men of the regiment using picks, shovels, and wheelbarrows were loosening and throwing up dirt to construct the large earthwork shown in (E99). Thousands of visitors from the city came to watch the spectacular performance.

Baltimore American, July 29, 1981

Courtesy of the Peale Museum, Baltimore.

Correspondence of Thomas Anderson of Rockville with His Parents, James and Mary Anderson, 1855-1859

GEORGE MINOR ANDERSON, S.J.

Thomas Anderson (1835-1900) was the second oldest son of James Wallace Anderson (1797-1881) of Vallombrosa, a 250 acre farm near Rockville on the present site of Montgomery Junior College. James initially practiced law in the area and was a judge of the Montgomery County Orphans Court from 1848 to 1851. He served as a delegate to the Maryland Constitutional Convention of 1850-1851.¹ In 1854, he gave up the active practice of law to take a position in the Sixth Auditor's Office of the U.S. Post Office in Washington; his employment there continued until the outbreak of the Civil War, when he was discharged for refusing to sign the loyalty oath.

During his years in Washington, James commuted back and forth to Vallombrosa every two or three weekends. The intervals between his visits were lengthy enough for there to be considerable correspondence. Most of it was between James and his wife, Mary Minor (ca. 1810-1865), daughter of Colonel George Minor (1777-1861) of Mount Pleasant in Fairfax County, Virginia.² The other older children wrote too, though, especially Thomas who, as a young man following his father into the legal profession (he was admitted to the Maryland bar in 1856) looked to him for advice and assistance in terms of establishing himself in a professional capacity.

It was Thomas' hope that his father would be able to help him set up practice in Washington, but James' small salary, even with the income derived from the sale of surplus farm produce, made this hope an impossibility. Besides, there were seven other children whose needs had to be con-

Other articles about the Anderson family have appeared in the 1980 and 1981 issues of the *Magazine*.

sidered: James (1831-1920), and Mary (ca. 1833-1910), Virginia (known as Ginnie; ca. 1834-1913), Richard (1837-1855), Lily (1850-1868), and George Minor (known as Minor; 1857-1927). Thomas eventually went into practice with another Rockville lawyer, William Veirs Bouic.

The majority of the letters were written from Vallombrosa, but because Thomas paid periodic visits of several days or longer to his father at the latter's boarding house in Washington, he also wrote a number of letters from there to his mother at home. As a result, the correspondence as a whole presents an interesting combination-picture of town and country life in the mid-nineteenth century, seen from the perspective of a young man just starting out in professional life.

Thomas was named after an uncle, Thomas Anderson, himself a lawyer who lived for a period of years in Zanesville, Ohio, and served in the Ohio State Senate before returning to Rockville. Law was consequently very much in the family, and young Thomas' impatience to begin practice is perhaps all the more understandable. But this same eagerness made him at times difficult and demanding. Writing to Mary Anderson on January 28, 1859, James describes his frustration at Thomas' importunities, emphasized by the unconsciously repeated use of the phrase "at once":

Our [boarding] house is getting rather dull this dull weather, and Tom seems to be very tired of it and talks of coming home the first chance. He is constantly saying that he could get along here and find business to do. I believe he could, for he has been over to Georgetown one day this week, and had the offer of good will of some of his acquaintance there as well as here.

He wants to go on at once [into practice], and I wish he could as much as he does; and because he cannot rent an office at once and furnish it decently at once, he is inclined to leave here for the present. I tell him a visit here will do him no harm. He seems tired of all the people here and cares for nothing but going into business at once. You know, with what I have had to pay this month, I should not have enough to set him up at once . . . It hurts me no little to hear such constant grumbling.

Much the same situation still prevailed when James wrote Mary a year and a half later, on June 6, 1860: "I can hardly spare an hour, but shall have to run about some to gratify the child. He is the most impatient growling sort of fellow I ever saw, and wants to get back, this place being very dull if he cannot get something to do at once." But the "growling child," complaining and melancholy though he could indeed be in his letters, showed flashes of humor as well, as when he described his father's flourishing about at an open-air concert at the Capitol with a handsome widow from the boarding house (May 29, 1859).

The later letters also contain convivial references to the grown children of a Mr. Fairfax who became Thomas' friends. According to the 1858 *Directory* of William Boyd, three Fairfaxses—Frederick, Wilson M.C., and Wilson—were with the U.S. Coast Survey as draughtsman, assistant, and engineer respectively. At that time the Coast Survey was a branch of the Treasury Department. James, as an auditor with the Post Office, was an employee of the Treasury Department too. This circumstance may explain how the two families came to know each other. The Fairfaxses boarded on C Street and though of modest circumstances, like the Andersons, were cultivated people with a particular love for music. Thomas speaks in one letter of spending a pleasant evening in their company when "Miss Alice played the piano, Fred the flute, and Wilson the violin."

The letters follow in chronological order.

Vallombrosa July 30th, 1855

Dear Pa,

Nothing of importance has occurred since you were in Montgomery except the Democratic meeting held in Rockville on

Saturday last, where our party, I was pleased to see, mustered much stronger than usual. Major Peter³ was appointed president after which a committee of five was appointed to nominate district officers during their absence for consultation. Then the president asked if there were any gentlemen present who wished to address the meeting; whereupon Mr. Bouic⁴ called upon me and I made some few general observations upon the two parties, but did not enlarge upon the subject or give any statistics whatever. My address seemed to give general satisfaction.

Major Peter then addressed the meeting and after him Mr. Bouic and then Mr. Brewer,⁵ who has at last come out and taken a very decided stand. There will be a large mass meeting here on Saturday next to nominate county officers. I think it will be very large and you *must* be present.

Ma says she intends to send to Washington on Thursday next. You must come up in the stage on Saturday and then you will be in time both for the meeting and census. Ma says you must. Grandma [Mrs. Minor] says she has been very lonesome since you left. Aunt Eleanor [Minor] is with us now. There is no more news. *Do* come up in time for the meeting Saturday.

Your son,
Thomas

P.S. You have never sent me any papers.

Vallombrosa Aug. 31st, 1855

Dear Pa,

When Ma wrote she supposed Richard was gradually growing better, and to avoid giving you any uneasiness, would not say how sick he really was. But since that time, he has grown considerably worse, and is now without doubt extremely ill—though Uncle John⁶ says he don't *think* he's in any immediate danger. You must come up tomorrow at any rate—Ma says you must and Richard expresses great desire to see you.⁷

Mrs. Hunter⁸ gave a very large party on Wednesday evening last, at which I heard there was [sic] about a hundred and twenty persons and that it was quite a brilliant affair—of course none of us was there. There is to be a large Democratic meeting at Barnesville on Saturday at which ex-

governor Lowe and several gentlemen from Baltimore are to speak. Owing to Mr. Bouic's having other engagements, I was invited to represent our county there. I accepted the invitation and promised them that I would not disappoint them; but owing to Richard's illness I cannot possibly be there. This I regret exceedingly but am much more grieved at the cause.

Your son,
Thomas

P.S. Don't fail to come up tomorrow.

Vallombrosa Sept 12, 1855

Dear Pa,

Ma requested me to write you today solely to tell you how Edward⁹ was getting [along] —as all the rest of us are as well as usual. Last Sunday we all thought Edward considerably better, but since that time he has been getting worse, and for the last few days has been very sick. Uncle John came to see him yesterday evening and gave him some strong medicines which operated very freely and brought from him a good deal of the pulp of the grapes, and it was that which Uncle John thought threw him back, as he says they are very indigestible. Ma thinks he is better this morning—*he may be.*

Grandma left here yesterday on her journey to Prince William and says perhaps she will continue it as far as Fredericksburg. She went with George Adams who came up for her. She seemed sorry to leave, but as she had written to Aunt Nancie [Minor] to send for her, she was ashamed not to go. She was after her old habit of feigning sickness, when Dick¹⁰ told her if she did not want to go she ought to go upstairs to bed "as she always did." This effectually cured her.

Our family is now indeed very small. I wish you were at home. Why does not Cousin Fannie [Wallace]¹¹ come up? I see nothing to prevent her. You must come up and bring her with you. The [Montgomery County] agricultural fair¹² takes place today and they have a very pleasant day for it, but of course none of us will be there.

Your Son,
Thomas

Vallombrosa Monday night, Oct. 29th,
1855

Dear Pa,

I got home Saturday evening in good time, without having to walk any farther than from Rockville home. I walked as far as the corner of Tenth Street where I got in an omnibus in which I found Uncle James Minor,¹³ Mr. Stevens the hatter, and a young lady of whom I had not the slightest recollection, yet her face seemed familiar to me. I suppose I had seen her before, as she said she used to go to school to Dr. Falk.¹⁴

When we got to Georgetown she inquired of me the way to Stephen's hotel, which I told her and left her thinking no more of the matter. I then went into a store and bought some cigars and went into the bar-room there to take a smoke; but as this young lady did not come, I thought I would go in search of her, which I did and found her too. She proved to be Miss Dorsey, a daughter of old Joshua Dorsey.¹⁵

I gallanted her up to the hotel where we met with her father, who very kindly offered me a seat in a light two horse concern he had, of which I availed myself and had a very pleasant ride home. We had plenty of cheese and crackers and apples to eat on the road.

I found them all well at home when I got there, but they had done nothing in the way of seeding owing to the ground's being too wet. But we've been hard at it today and I myself have done a hard day's ploughing and feel quite tired tonight.¹⁶ Ma says she'll write to you as soon as she feels well enough. She is most over her cough. There was quite a respectable meeting at Tom Rabbitt's¹⁷ as I came along, and they were very anxious I should stop, but I did not. Ma talks of sending down to market soon.

Thomas

Vallombrosa December the 13th, 1855

Dear Pa,

Although I have nothing to write about, I suppose I must drop you a few lines to let you know that I got up safe last night about seven o'clock without having suffered much from the cold. You told me to write as soon

as I got up; whether you meant the very next day or not, or as soon as we had settled that affair of Mr. Keys, I am unable to say....

We are all well. Lily was very angry because you did not send her some candy or nuts and went to bed in a very bad humor. Ma says she wants to see you very much, and says she will send for you Saturday if you can stay for several days when you come, not otherwise. She says she would rather you would wait until Christmas and stay several weeks when you come.

Thomas

[Vallombrosa] April the 17th, 1856

Dear Pa,

Thinking that you might be uneasy about Ma and the baby,¹⁸ and also wishing to inquire about some business, I concluded to write to you after I had come to Rockville this morning. Ma says she feels quite well this morning and that the baby is becoming quiet. Mrs. Hunter came to see her yesterday evening and said she thought the baby beautiful, Dr. Falk and Bertha got back from Washington yesterday and will start for St. James' tomorrow morning.

I went yesterday to search up the levies made for you for services rendered as judge of the Orphans Court. They are as follows:

for 1848	\$44.00
.49	158.00
.50	146.00
.51	80.00

The credit on Connell's¹⁹ account is therefore correct; as for Stonestreet's fees, I have not yet had an opportunity of finding out the particular business for which they were charged. Mr. Bouic has Connell's books; perhaps they will show. I'll look.

Now as to finding out how these various levies have been applied: how am I to do that? Must I go to each of the three sheriffs who were in office during that time and see by their own books how they have applied them, and what remains in their hands; or would not your previous tax and fee-bills show? But I don't believe you have any for each year and that they applied them as they pleased without saying anything to

you about this matter, or perhaps did not apply them at all....

Your son,
Thomas

Vallombrosa June the 7th, 1857

Dear Pa,

Fearing that you might be uneasy about me—as little as I deserve your consideration—I thought I would pen you a few lines, in my own handwriting, to inform you that I am making admirable progress towards recovery. Indeed, I feel quite well, and intend getting up as soon as I can have a fire made.

The baby was quite sick last night, but is much better this morning. Ginnie and Edward went with a party to the Great Falls today. I do not know what they are all about today, but I believe they are manuring a piece of ground in the meadow, to set out in cabbage. Dick set out a thousand yesterday. Ma had several applications for plants yesterday.

Cousin Fannie [Wallace] will excuse me for not complying with my promise this time. Indeed, I don't think I could write a long letter.

My love to all,
Your son,
Thos. Anderson

Vallombrosa Jan. 31st, 1858

Dear Pa,

I had some idea that you would come up yesterday evening. Had you done so, it would have been very agreeable to me. It seems to me a dreary waste of time to be staying here doing nothing. To be sure, I have been reading some since you left, in Maddock's Chancery—a work which has afforded me some instruction, entertainment, and pleasure; but if I were somewhere where I could attend the courts regularly, I would have an equally good chance to read, would take infinitely more interest in, and understand what I read much better; and could, probably, at the same [time] be forming a clientele, which would enable me at least to do something towards supporting myself now, and of amassing something in

future. I wanted to talk with you about locating in Washington or somewhere else. I wish you would talk with some good friends about the matter, and let me know what would be the probable consequences of my locating there. You will get the Revised Code of the District for me.

Two of Mrs. Adamson's children are ill with the smallpox. It is thought that the younger cannot possibly survive. The smallpox is spreading through the county. Ma has been quite sick, and though much better, is still in bed with her arm. Her arm took beautifully; she has a real, genuine scab . . .

Minor has had no more fainting fits, and seems to be very well now. The weather still continues open, and we'll still continue to plow a little every day. Ned and Dick have carried out all the manure from the back yard; it was Dick's suggestion; he was afraid it would produce smallpox.

We have a fine goose for dinner today. Henry Wootton²⁰ was over a few days after you left. He said had he known that you were up, he would have come over to see you. Ma and all of them here think that he is very much improved in appearance, and that he looks remarkably well. Cousin Fannie never intends to write to me again; well, perhaps she thinks that I am not worth writing to, which is probably true.

We have not had more balls or rumors of balls since you were up. Lily is sitting down by the stove in Mary's room culling over some walnut hulls, which are pretty well picked over. She says I can tell you to get her a doll if I choose. Attend particularly to my request. No more from your son,

Thomas

Vallombrosa, Feb. 14th, 1858

Dear Pa,

Ma received a letter from you yesterday evening, in which you spoke of having called on Mr. Whipple to make inquiries concerning Grandpa's [Col. Minor's] sickness. I am confident that the whole report is a mistake, for he left here on Monday; consequently, Frederick must have heard of his sickness Monday night—he could not have got home before night, as he intended

to take dinner with Uncle Jimmy, and informed Mr. Lipscomb before he left for his office Tuesday morning. Very improbable, is it not?

We are all very much pleased to hear that you are so much improved in health, and enjoying yourself to such a degree in the contemplation of art and the society of artists.²¹ The first snow of the season fell yesterday, and has made quite a change in the whole aspect of affairs in the country. Up to this time, those agricultural operations usually performed in the spring have been going on very merrily. Some persons in our neighborhood even commenced gardening. We intended to plant potatoes last week, but the unexpected freeze put an end to all sorts of horticultural calculations for the present.

The children are all very well, and I believe that neither the smallpox nor the scarlet fever has spread beyond the two families in which they first originated—or at least, in which we first heard of their being. Henson²² has been quite sick for the last few days, and shows evident symptoms of salivation. I believe that the dose of calomel which Uncle John gave him last year gave rise to his whole subsequent sickness. Jinny says that she wants that instruction book.

Pa, indeed, I must be doing something for myself. I cannot stay here doing nothing. I feel quite dissatisfied, I may say almost miserable. I think I have now arrived at an age at which it is imperative on everyone to be doing something for himself. James, too, renders himself as disagreeable as he possibly can. He thinks that because he has made a few hundred dollars in the last four or five years,²³ he is the greatest man in the known world, and that everyone else who has not happened to be so fortunate as to realize that immense sum, is a good-for-nothing fellow, and ought to be put out of the world immediately.

I think that I have a rather sensitive disposition, and these constant complaints directed at me in an underhand manner are more than I can stand, especially when I see no necessity for enduring anything of the kind. I think that I have talents enough to enable me to make a respectable figure in my profession. But the expense and dif-

ficulty attending a beginning in any profession has caused me on many occasions to regret that I ever attempted to study law, although I like it better than anything else. I wish you could make some arrangement for me to settle in Washington, as I would like to be with you at first anyhow.

I think I'll write a prayer this Valentine's Day, so here goes:

A Prayer

Protect me, O Celestial Pow'rs!
The gloomy storm around me low'rs;
Grant me the sweets of blest repose!
I am sore beset by lurking foes,
Who would my character defame
And cast aspersions on my name.
The very best that I can do
Into some evil they construe.
Oh! free me, free me from all blame!
That I may live in honest fame.
Grant me my species all to bless!
To heal the sick, to soothe distress;
For I would lead a godly life
Free from all mean contentious strife.
And oh! this precious boon pray give!
That I henceforth in peace may live.

I have succeeded first rate, that is, it's to the point and good for an extempore.

Your son,
Thomas

Rockville March 2nd, 1858

Dear Pa,²⁴

After a most disagreeable ride and tolerably pleasant walk, I got up home about one hour in the night. Mr. Fields²⁵ first went directly over to Georgetown, and stopped some time at the Farmers and Mechanical Bank to take up a note for John James, when they informed him that it was payable at the Bank of Metropolis. He then went back to that bank and was informed that he would have to go back to the bank from which he had just come. He did not succeed in taking it up at all.

He then stopped at Dorsey and Ernest's store, where he took something to drink. We then went up to Tenelytown, where he drank again. We rode on quite presently from there until we got to Tom Rabbit's where he drank several times. It was with greatest difficulty that I could induce him to leave Rabbit's, and when I did succeed

at last, I had good cause to wish that I had not attempted to get him off.

As soon as we got into the buggy, he took a tremendous pole and with both hands gave it to his horse as hard as he could. The horse, which is quite a high mettled one, ran as fast as it possibly could for about two miles. I succeeded in getting hold of the reins just in time to prevent his jumping down a bank with us, and by jumping over the wheel, I escaped from my perilous position. There was, at first, a strange excitement for me in this daredevil drive, and I enjoyed it very much, until the danger became imminent. I walked from where I got out all the way home and carried my trunk with me. I will never ride with a drunkard again if I can help it.

I found them all well at home, but do not know any more about their affairs than you do, as I have only spent one night at home. I can say that they have been breaking up the clover field back of the milk house for corn next spring, and I think they will make a good crop. The wheat is, I understand, looking pretty well.

I found Frank and Charly²⁶ at home when I got there. The folks here have no particular commissions for you to execute. Give my love to all the folks at the boarding house—not omitting Miss Lucy. Tell Jim Scott that I was anxious to bring him up with me, but that I was summoned away so hastily I could not see him to make an arrangement with him. I will bring him up before long, however, if he does not go to school. I will perhaps be in Washington again either next Saturday or the first of next week.

Your son,
Thomas

Vallombrosa March 3rd, 1858

Dear Pa,

Ma is quite sick, as, indeed, are pretty nearly the whole family, from the effects of a bad cold. Consequently, you must content yourself this time with a letter from me in lieu of a more welcome one from her.

Ma received your letter, inclosing what I consider a very insolent note from the firm of Brewer and Peter. I have not called upon

the worthy gentlemen in reference to the matter. I would like to be able to pay them at once, not only for the sake of getting rid of them but also for the pleasure of expressing my opinion of them. I don't know what you can do in the matter, but think that we could possibly raise the money before they could take advantage of any compulsory process.²⁷

Ma says she does not care about those other dry goods. I have attended court pretty regularly this week, but have heard nothing the least interesting. That great will case is to come up tomorrow. Mr. Randall from Annapolis and Mr. Brent from Baltimore are employed in it. There is no news up this way; it's as dull as possible.

Pa, I would not like anything to interfere with my prospects of going to Washington. Everybody that I have spoken with on the subject thinks that I could do remarkably well there. Henry Wootton says that he will recommend me very highly to the consideration of all his acquaintances over in Georgetown. I thought I would come down directly after court. I want to go right earnestly into business.

As it is pretty late at night, I must now close. The light of a candle affects my eyes very much. I think I will have to have a pair of old Tobias' glasses.²⁸

Your son,
Thomas

Vallombrosa March 7th, 1858

Dear Pa,

I received your letter yesterday evening, and am sorry to learn that your eye has not got entirely well, as it must be very painful for you to work while the inflammation continues.

All the rest of the family have pretty nearly recovered, but Ma still suffers considerably from a bad cough and headache. I think it is some kind of influenza that they have all had. The weather is, I believe moderating somewhat, and I hope real genial spring weather, which we may soon expect to have, will bring good health and good spirits with it.

I attended court pretty regularly last week, but learned nothing, as no case of any

importance was tried this term. The great will case, after having been twice postponed, was finally continued till next term. Mr. Randall and Brent both came up to argue it. I hope they had a pleasant visit.

Henry Wootton came home with me from court last Thursday and stayed two days and nights. He is quite a pleasant companion, and I enjoyed his company very much. Henry is pretty well versed in all kinds of law now. He has had much greater advantages than I have—not only in his scholastic education, but also in the study of the law. He intends going to Baltimore soon, to complete his studies, where he expects to commence practice. It seems to me that I never will be able to leave this place. I am heartily tired of it—at least of its inhabitants, and do not much relish the idea of spending the prime of my life among them.

Every time you speak of my coming to Washington, you talk of Congress, the various lectures, and a host of other things—the so-called pleasures of the place. Now, should I ever be so fortunate as to get there, I would frequent no such place of amusement, but would like to have a law office in some public part of the city, where I would spend the far greater part of my time; the rest I should consume in going round to German restaurants, attending magistrate trials, etc.

My chief reason for preferring Washington to any other place is the desire of being with you. I prefer your society to that of anybody else in the world in the first place, and in the second, I know that without neglecting your own business for one moment, you could give me such hints in my profession as would initiate me into all the mysteries of practice. If you would only assist me as much as you have assisted England²⁹ within my recollection, I have no doubt but that I would do very well in Washington.

As to Mr. Brewer, I cannot for my life see wherein consists the great favor he has done you. He lent you a little money, it is true, secured by a judgement at six per cent interest; and now writes a most insolent note, saying that he *requires* payment. It should have been paid long since, as I only borrowed it for one year—which year ex-

pired last Feb.; but I know he is in no great need. Did you write, as I understood you to do, that \$90 would be more than half of Muncaster's claimor of both Muncaster's and Brewer's? If you meant both, we might possibly make some arrangement to settle them at once. I thought all this time that Muncaster's debt was about one hundred dollars.

Write soon and believe me your affectionate son,

Thomas

P.S. James is very anxious to know the present variation of the magnetic needle. If your eye is too bad for you to go out, I reckon Cousin Richard [Wallace] would make the necessary inquiries. I had to open this letter after it was sealed, to insert this for James. We have quite a snowy morning up here.

T.

Vallombrosa May 7th, 1858

Dear Pa,

Math. Fields met me in the street today, and requested me to write something for his paper.³⁰ He has been importuning me for some time past to write an article for him; but I have excused myself one way or another every time. I told him today that I had a disposition to oblige him, but did not know what to write about. To which he replied, that he would like very much to have an article on the subject of the contemplated reform convention. I promised to write him such an article.

I would like to have it prepared for the next issue of his paper, if I could, as the election comes off on the twenty-sixth of this month, but hardly think that I will be able to get it ready before the issue after the next, as I have to rely upon you for all the data to go upon. I think I know pretty well the grounds of opposition which the Democracy ought to rely upon; but I want to know something of the history of the present constitution, the one prior to it, and the reasons which led to the last reform convention. If you can spare the time, please write me a few pages on the subject, and I will try to get up a handsome article—perhaps you can do it Sunday.

I called this evening at Mr. Bouic's office

to hand that account back to John Thomas, with the compliments of the season, but he was not in. I will, however, do it. Ma sent me to Rockville today for the sole purpose of bringing home a letter from you, so certain was she of getting one from you. We are all anxious to know how you have gotten on—whether Dr. Hall opened that place, etc. Ned and Will³¹ went to Georgetown after guano today. Jinnie says she wants you to get her a pink calico dress. Ma says ten yards will be a full pattern for her. Ma has upwards of a hundred chickens now, and they all seem to be doing well. Jinnie has entirely recovered, and I believe we are all now as well as usual.

Your son,
Thomas

P.S. Tell Cousin Fannie that I don't know what to make of her not writing to me. She does not take the least notice of my letters.

Vallombrosa May 18th, 1858

Dear Pa,

I got up to Rockville yesterday about 12 o'clock after a very pleasant, though somewhat lonely ride. There was no other passenger except one of the young Duffys, who rode up from the post office in Georgetown to his father's gate. He is a carpenter, and is now building Geo. Huddleston's house. He shewed me a book he had just purchased, and upon examining the title page, I discovered that it was a work of Downing's on rural architecture.

I found them all well at home except Minor. He has fallen off a deal during the past week, and looks very bad now. Ma says he has been quite ill. James has been down at Gus. White's since last Thursday. Jinnie was very much pleased with her dress, but says she also wants the buff brilliant.

I called on Mrs. Bouic as soon as I got up, and delivered the shawl to her. I do not think she was very much pleased, although she tendered any number of thanks to Cousin Fannie and myself. She says she didn't want a shawl, but a mantle. I shall undertake no more commissions for her.

They found time last week, between the various showers, to plant a little corn, and talk of commencing again today. They have covered nearly the whole of the potato

patch thickly with manure. It's very doubtful whether the continuous rains we have had have been of serious disadvantage to the former. The wheat, oats, and grass look uncommonly well, and it is yet early enough for the corn.

You cannot imagine how beautiful the country looks now. It improved a great deal in freshness and beauty even during the few days I was in Washington. It seemed so strange to me when I first went out this morning, instead of meeting that strong glaring light, which almost blinded me in Washington, to see the sun beams struggling to make their way down through the dense foliage of the various shade trees; and instead of being reflected from hard pavements, disappearing in the tall grass. What a soft, chastened light it produced! But few can appreciate this as I can, for few suffer so much from intense glare.

You will be up soon, I suppose. I wish Cousin Fannie would come too; but I think she would prefer going to St. Mary's [County]. Frank Rozer was up last Sunday evening. He came alone for the first time.

Your son,
Thomas

Rockville Oct. 16th, 1858

Dear Pa,

When I got over to Georgetown Mr. Brewer said he had been waiting for me half an hour, although it was not then three o'clock. We got up to Rockville about sunset, but I did not go out home before 9 o'clock. I found them all well. They commenced sowing wheat today, and are still getting up potatoes.

No election for teachers³² took place yesterday, for want of a quorum. Mr. Holland's family certainly have the scarlet fever, but, as we have no intercourse with the family, I do not think we need be under any apprehension. Little Jimmy Anderson, I understand, is very ill; but Mrs. Brewer told me that Mr. McLain intended to carry down some of the girls today and bring Julia home. I saw Mary Louisa, near Mr. Dawson's gate, walking with Dick Forest. There is no news in our neighborhood, therefore, you must excuse me for not telling you any.

Mr. Brewer says that he thinks, from

what intercourse he has recently had with business men in Washington, anyone who is competent to attend to business, and will do it, can get plenty to do there. He says he knows that he could make a living there by his profession. I would like very much to get to work in that line myself. With you to assist me in any difficulty I might at first encounter, I think I would stand a better chance than most beginners.

Since I commenced writing this, I heard that old Mrs. Graff was dead and will be buried tomorrow. Ma will go to the funeral.

Your son,
Thomas

Washington Feb. 1st, 1859

Dear Ma,

Your very welcome letter, although it contained unwelcome [news], was handed to me by Frank Rozer yesterday morning. He got to the office about 12 o'clock, where I happened to be with Pa, and went around to the boarding house with me to see Cousin Lib; but he did not remain there long, as he had to take one of his cousins home, whom he picked up on his way down, and left somewhere on the Avenue. He went to a party; or, at least, he had an invitation of which he intended to avail himself, at Miss Minnie Mason's.

I spent yesterday evening with Fred Fairfax, and a most delightful evening it was, too. Fred shows to much greater advantage at home than anywhere else. He is quite talkative, and talks good sense too. He has improved vastly in appearance since he was at our house. I think I like Fred now about as well as anyone I know anywhere.

I felt a little doubtful, I must confess, about going to Mr. Fairfax's, owing to the character I had heard given them; and had it not been that Fred seemed much inclined to spend another month with us in the country, and for Mary's sake I wished to give him the necessary encouragement, I would not have gone. Miss Alice says that Fred talked of nothing else after he returned from Montgomery but some lady he left up there. She said this with such emphasis that I could not mistake her meaning; and indeed, Fred himself seemed very anxious to get back.

I never in my life met with so cordial a reception before as I did at Mr. Fairfax's, and I certainly never met with so delightful a family. Miss Alice is charming. They all seemed to think it very strange that none of us had been to see Fred. Miss Alice, and indeed the whole family, manifested the most earnest desire to see little Minor. From Fred's description, they say he must be perfectly beautiful. Miss Alice made me promise that if ever he came to Washington, that he should be brought to see her. They are perfectly devoted to paintings, especially to portraits, and I suppose would also like to see living perfection.

I wish to tell you about Capt. Ord and his lady, who are very agreeable and clever, and of the Summerses, who are neither, but must defer my narration until I come up.

Your son,
Thomas Anderson

Washington Feb. 7th, 1859

Dear Ma,

Pa arrived here yesterday evening safe and sound. Indeed, he seemed considerably improved by his jaunt. He informed me that you were all, though not quite well, in a decidedly convalescent state. As he remained a day longer than he calculated upon doing when he left, I began to feel quite anxious about you all at home. I thought, as you were all complaining when you last wrote, that some of you were ill.

Acting upon what seemed to be your desire, from an expression contained in your last letter to Pa, I went last Saturday to see them at Cousin Mary's [Wallace]. I found little Charles very ill with the gastric fever. Doctor Garnett was tending him and seemed to think him dangerously ill. I took dinner and supper with them, and remained until a pretty late hour of the night. I went to the apothecary's for them to get the doctor's prescription put up, as they had no one else to do it for them.

Cousin R. [Richard Wallace] was neither at the dinner or tea table, but I heard him come in some time after supper and go directly up to his room; I know in what condition he was. As I was about to leave, I asked Cousin Fannie whether she intended to go to church Sunday. She told

me that she would not be able to go herself, but invited me to occupy her pew, which I would have done had it not rained. I called again Sunday evening to see how Charles was, and I myself thought him better, although there was no decided change. Dr. Garnett was to have been to see him again last Monday, but I have not been back to see them since Sunday evening.

When Pa returned and I informed him that I had been to Cousin Mary's, he seemed considerably surprised, and I thought showed some marks of displeasure. Had Pa expressed any opinion in regard to the matter, I should have acted in strict accordance with it. I am sure, as far as I am personally concerned, that I don't care whether we have any further intercourse of any kind with them. They were all, however, very polite to me, and spoke—particularly Cousin Fannie—in the most affectionate terms of every member of our family. Cousin Fannie says that she would like so much to see James.

Not one of them mentioned Pa's leaving except Cousin Fannie, and she did not at all condemn him for it; but only seemed grieved that he had not been to see her since he left. They were all more affectionate to me, and spoke in warmer terms of our whole family than they ever did before. Still, I could not help feeling that there was a sort of estrangement between us which made my visits more of a duty than a pleasure. I think we can have the Wallace family—of one I can speak positively—our friends yet, if we desire it.³³

I have not yet paid a second visit to Mr. Fairfax's, nor seen any of them except Wilson, whom I met on the street this morning. He was very cordial in his manner, and made very particular inquiries concerning my health, etc. I think, as hard as it is to discover the true sentiments of anyone in the matter of friendship, that we may safely rank the Fairfaxes among our friends. Any kindness extended to one of its members is, I am convinced, enough to win the hearts of the entire family. Mrs. Fairfax seemed delighted to see me when I went there that evening. I think their feelings were hurt at the manner in which Fred's visit was treated. Miss Alice—who is, by the way, one of the liveliest, sprightliest, wittiest, and prettiest young ladies I ever saw—told

me that as I had now learned the way, I must visit her often; and the whole of them pressed me to visit them frequently in a manner which, suspicious as I am, I could not doubt was sincere.

I suppose Pa told you all about Capt. Ord and his lady. Indeed, they are a most interesting couple. The Capt. has seen some hard service in our border war, and stands very high in the service. I think he knows more about border warfare than Emerson Bennett. Mrs. Ord is from Charleston in Western Virginia. Her father was a lawyer there, and just before he was sent out to California as a judge, represented his district in Congress. Mrs. Ord is very anxious for me to go to Charleston. She says it is a good business place, owing to the numerous salt works in its vicinity; and that the valley of the Kanawha is the most beautiful place, contains the best society and the prettiest girls on earth. She introduced me to a Miss Mitchell, who is now residing in Washington, but who is also a native of Western Virginia... [rest of letter is missing].

Rockville—[ca. February 1859]

Dear Thomas,³⁴

I was pleased to receive your last letter a day or two since and to hear that you were well. We are all nearly well now and all feel very anxious for a few days of cold weather that we may fill our ice house which is at length completed; and all who have seen it agree that it is a very complete one, by far the best in the neighborhood. If we could fill it, we should derive great comfort from it next summer. The pond too is in nice order and had an inch of ice on it last night.

We have not seen or heard a word directly from Henry Wootton since you left. I am very glad you went to see Fannie. I am sure your father must have been rather pleased than otherwise that you visited them. I hope you will call again and let me hear from them occasionally. I would not like him to call there on account of Richard's [Wallace] conduct and on that account only.

I like the account you give of the Fairfax family. I was sure if any of you would visit them, you would be pleased. Give my respects to Fred the next time you see him, and say to him we should all be pleased to

see him. He might, if he was not so slow in his movements, pay a visit of a day or two with you, when an opportunity offers. Ned says you must not fall in love with Miss Alice, as is your custom, for he knows she is poor, and poverty is what he cannot forgive in a lady. I am sorry you are about to lose Capt. Ord and lady. I think from what I have heard of them they must be very interesting.

You must not be idle but look about and see what you can do. I wish you could open an office and furnish it at once, but could you not find writing of some kind to do even before you get an office? You must be energetic and maybe some way will open for you. Have you been to see Uncle Phil [Minor]³⁵ yet? I think I would go and if you find him sober, he could help you very much. Go and if he is not in very good humor, say but little to him then, but go again and if he likes or takes a fancy to you, he might do a good deal for you. I am sorry that the only member you have in the house should be the only rowdy. You must have had quite an amusing scene; I suppose that happened before your Pa got there.

We are all anxious to see you and shall expect you the first good opportunity. Write as soon as you get this, that I may know whether you got things safely; they and all your shirts were so nicely done up that I thought it a pity to spoil them with a carpet bag. We are very quiet here this winter. Frank [Rozer] comes every evening and brings all the Rockville news; that enlivens us a little. Scott comes now about once a week and serves to amuse them all some little.

Cook Dickerson's daughter was married Wednesday evening to Frank Griffith, a brother of Porter's. There were about two hundred and forty persons at the wedding, rather a grand affair. Billy Dickerson called on Frank to lend him his buggy for some days to carry some of the wedding party about, and Frank says he seemed very much displeased when he was refused; a modest request from a stranger, was it not?

James says he wishes you would look about and get him a book called the *Landholder's Assistant*. He wants it very much and tried to borrow it in Rockville, but could not. Bouic says he had it and somebody stole it out of his office. He also sends

an account against Mr. Young of Rockville which he wants you to collect and to buy the book out of it. James walked down to his place and worked for him all day without any dinner and then spent half the night in calculating for him; he then went off without mentioning pay, so he wishes you to present [the bill] at once.

I wish you had been here yesterday. Bouic³⁶ sold off his remaining stock of goods at auction and I have no doubt there were sold many bargains—ladies' shoes, I heard, were selling at twelve and a half cents a pair, and ready-made clothing very low. I had no one to go. It is getting late for the stage and I want you to get your clothes this evening. Write soon.

Your affectionate mother,

Mary

James says if a book of that name cannot be found, get some other giving the forms of the returns to the land office for making resurveys, and taking up vacant or escheat lands by virtue of warrants from said office. Say to Mr. Young that you have to buy books for James and maybe he will be more disposed to pay directly.

Washington Feb. ___, 1859

Dear Ma,

You so effectually concealed your last letter, that I never discovered it until Pa returned yesterday evening and informed me that you had written. In the first place, you buried it in the very bottom of the trunk under a heap of clothes; and in the second, you enclosed it in a public document envelope with General Bowie's frank upon it, which should have been, I think, to any rational mind, the very guarantee that it would never be opened. I thought, when I saw it, that it was a speech Bowie had sent me, and that you had put it in the trunk. I wish I had seen it sooner.

You never mentioned the name of the book either in my letter or in Pa's that James wanted, but only suggested some other work that might answer as a substitute in case that one could not be procured. I will call this morning upon Mr. Young, and see if he will pay that bill.

I am pleased that you think I did right in going to see them at Mrs. Wallace's. I could

not for the life of me see any impropriety in it. I acted upon what I conceived to be my duty, strengthened by what seemed to be your wishes in the premises. I must indeed go to see Uncle Phil, but I feel a greater repugnance to doing so than I ever felt in regard to any similar matter in my life.

I spent last Saturday evening at Mr. Fairfax's, and heard some of the most delightful music I ever heard in my life. Miss Alice played the piano, Fred the flute, and Wilson the violin. It was a most delightful little concert. Tell Ned that I thank him for his hint in regard to my susceptibility, and shall endeavor to profit by it; but, I fear, I must forego the pleasure of Miss Alice's society altogether in order to avoid falling in love with her, as it would require a far greater effort of philosophy than I am capable of to associate on terms of intimacy with her, and still resist the power of her charms. I would inevitably succumb to them.

Miss Alice has all Fred's goodness accompanied by the greatest amount of life and vivacity. I discover that she is fully as anxious to pay Mary a visit as Fred is. She told me that she would like very much to see my sisters; and when I replied that it would be an easy matter for her to do so by going up and taking a peep at them, she said that it would give her the greatest pleasure to do so, but that she would like to make their acquaintance first. If Mary would come to Washington, I think Miss Alice would be about the first lady to call on her. But I suppose, situated as she is, Mary would not like to have a visit from that young lady in the country, which would be the inevitable result. I have undertaken to teach her back-gammon, and she is making first rate progress in the game.

Two new boarders came to the house here last Saturday—a Capt. Morgan and lady. We all thought Mrs. Morgan was a mere child when she first came, and I never was more astonished in my life than when informed that she was a married lady. She does not appear to be a day over fourteen years old, and is very pretty. Her face is very much like Mary's.

I suppose you were all pleased to see Charly [Rozer]; I tell you he went over pretty badly here, before he went down home. He gave the chief judge of our Court of Appeals a most terrible tongue lashing.

I went with Charly to see several young ladies one day: the Miss Randolphs, Miss [name illegible] Brook, Miss Ginnie Johnson, and Miss Warnell. I also went to see his grandmother with him.

Tell Ginnie she has nothing to fear from any of the ladies that I have seen except old Mrs. Dangerfield who, I have every reason to believe is inimical to her. She is a fine looking old lady, but in her manners is very much like Mrs. Scott. I don't like her. She has too much of the "suaviter in modo" [gentle in method].

I think it would be impossible to get any government work to do at this time. Congress has done away with every temporary clerkship, and it will be as much, if the regular clerks get their pay. I must do something.

Your son,
Thomas Anderson

P.S. I make all sorts of mistakes today. I can't write coherently.

Washington Feb. 25, 1859

Dear Ma,

Pa wished me to write to you for the purpose of informing you that he is about to change his boarding house. I think he is like the boy that got going and couldn't stop. He certainly could not stop now, if he wished to do so.

Mrs. Spalding is to close her house immediately after the fourth of March. There is to be a sale of the furniture on the fifth. Many, indeed, all her boarders complain about the shortness of the notice and the particular day on which she closes. They say that if she would hold on until a few days after the fourth, when all their rooms would be vacated by the members of Congress, that they could easily accommodate themselves. But now every house in Washington is crowded.

Pa has not yet decided where he will go. The small room of which he spoke to you at Mrs. West's is occupied by a namesake of his, who is a professor of architecture in one of the northern colleges, and of course but a sojourner in Washington; but as he has business with the government, there is no calculating when he will leave. I have no doubt but that Pa can easily accommodate

himself; but I don't know how all the clothes—a great many of which are soiled—can be moved, as we have neither of the carpet bags down here.

I called to see Mr. Young and presented James' account to him, and he said he would pay it on Friday. I called again today, which is Friday, and he said he had just lent all the money he had to his neighbor, Mr. Simpson, the one that keeps the agricultural store. I told him that I would call on him again tomorrow, which I intend to do. I think he will pay it without any difficulty.

I was at Mr. Fairfax's about a couple of hours yesterday, but I did not go to see Miss Alice but Fred. The breaking up of the society at the boarding house is looked forward to by some of the boarders with saddened hearts. The two Miss Sommerses seem particularly distressed, and well they may be, for I am sure they will never find another place where they will be made as much of as they are here. You see, there is but one young lady about this house, Miss Lucy Winter, and she spends most of her time in her room; consequently, those who like ladies' society must either depend on those old maids for it, or go abroad to seek it, which most of them are too lazy to do. I shall regret parting with none of them much except Miss Lucy, with whom I have become quite intimate.

Pa is quite anxious to get his carpet bags down. I met Dr. Harding on the street today, and asked him when he was going up, and he told me that he intended to start immediately. I don't know whether he had anybody with him or not, but he did not invite me to accompany him, which I think I should in all probability have done. Give my love to all, to Lily in particular.

Your son,
Tho. Anderson

Washington March 11, 1859

Dear Ma,

Miss Fannie Prout³⁷ and myself had quite a pleasant ride down [from Rockville to Washington] together yesterday evening. I never made so quick a trip—or, at least, one that appeared so quick before. Miss Fannie is an excellent travelling compan-

ion. She promised to come around to see me today, but I do not know whether she complied with her promise or not, as no one in the house knows my name.

You can't imagine how great a change has taken place in Washington since I left last week. It is said that more than half the winter's population has left. To judge from the appearance of the Avenue [Pennsylvania Avenue], I should think nine tenths of the people who I left here had departed. The city appears to be quite deserted.³⁸

Pa's new boarding house is quite a spacious building. The rooms are large, fine, airy, and the fare appears to be very good; but the population is anything but agreeable, I mean, anything but the kind of people I would like to associate with. I miss Miss Lucy Hunter so much. She seemed at the other house to be a presiding angel. I wanted to go to see Fred Fairfax this evening, but it is so rainy and disagreeable that I cannot go. I promised to see some young ladies for Charly [Rozer] which I shall certainly endeavor to do. Did Charly get the newspapers I sent him? There will be nothing done with Sickles case³⁹ this week.

Give my love to them all at home, and tell them to write to me, I should like very much to get a letter from either Ned or Lillie. Ma, make the girls go to see them at Mrs. Wootton's. They are pleasant people, and would make the best friends and most agreeable associates in the county; but whether they go or not, you must send my best wishes to them over there. I have nothing to write except that I would much rather be at home than in Washington.

Your son,
Thomas Anderson

[Vallombrosa] March 17, 1859

Dear Thomas,⁴⁰

Ma is suffering this morning from a violent headache,⁴¹ and has commissioned me to write to you for her. She is very much pleased with the opportunity of getting those things from Mr. Bemis.⁴² She says you may take the bureau and mirror immediately.

Dear Tom, I am sitting up in bed writing. I feel uneasy about the tone of your letters. You seem in bad spirits. That does not

speak well for a young man just about to commence [in] the world. You should think and act. There is no such word as fail. I wish I was with you in Washington. I flatter myself I could benefit you some, but as that cannot be, you must rely manfully on yourself, and if you do not succeed, then you can try elsewhere.

Your Pa never writes now. Let me know in your next how he is. Frank [Rozer] thinks the articles you named as bought by Mr. B. [Bemis] very cheap, and that I ought to get them by all means. If you get them, when ought I to send for them? I wish you would [go] round to the stores and to the market and know of the hucksters what we can get for good potatoes. They are in nice order for eating and planting. I could send down potatoes enough to pay for the bureau and mirror when I send for them, if you think I ought to.

James seems anxious to get them and the cottage furniture too, if you think it good and cheap and offered to furnish the money; but I had rather get it without, which I think I might do. He has been gone a week. Got home last night and left again early this morning to be absent at least a week. He has a good deal of work before him.

I do not like the way Charly [Rozer] goes on. He dissipates a great deal. He comes up quite often, but is very intimate at your uncle John's, at Mike Letton's [spelling unclear], and Mrs. Holt's. I am sorry he goes to John's so much. They claim him as a beau there. He drinks a great deal. He seems anxious to visit the Miss Woottons.

Frank says yesterday morning he and Herbert Fairfax were going out to Stone-streets for wood for Mrs. Fairfax. Charly wanted to go with them as far as Mount Hope and for them to leave him there to spend the day. Frank says he advised him to wait until the young ladies had breakfasted, as it was only half after seven when he was ready to start. I advised him to defer his visit there until his flirtation was over at Mrs. Holt's, as I thought they might not like his visiting both places at the same time. I like him and feel sorry he acts so.

Frank took me in his buggy to see Mrs. Griffith Tuesday evening. I had a pleasant ride and found Mrs. Griffith ill. Emma is with her. I hardly think she will even come out of her room again. Tell Mr. A. [Ander-

son] that we are busy preparing for the spring crops whenever the weather will permit, but that is not often. I think we shall have rain again today.

Maybe you are mistaken in regard to Mr. Bemis' feelings for Miss Lil. From what you say of him, I think he would be a good match for her. You cannot be as much in love with Miss Alice or Miss Lucy as you imagine you are, or you would have been to see them. If any opportunity offers for both of you to come, I would like you to bring Fred up for a visit of two or three days (not longer at this time), for I really would like to see him. Mary says if we get the furniture you spoke of, she would be glad to see Miss Alice next summer and Frank would take her riding any time in his fine establishment.

Lily says she misses you very much. Minor also talks of you very often. Tell Mr. Anderson I want to see him very much and should like to see his handwriting if he has time. Charly told me he had written you a short letter, but in answer to your next he would write you a longer one.

I will conclude hoping to get an answer from you next mail. Say in your next when I had better send for the bureau. Keep up your spirits, be energetic, and do not despair of not only making a living, but of making a figure in the world.

Tell your Pa I was surprised by a visit last Sunday evening from Mr. Moore. He made himself very agreeable and says he intends to come often. Scott was here yesterday and I think from what he says Pattie [Hunter] saw nothing of Robert. Enquire occasionally of your grandfather [Colonel Minor], and if you hear of or from him, let me know. I must conclude for my head aches very badly.

Yours affectionately,
Mary Anderson

Washington March 25th, 1859

Dear Ma,

I went from home this morning directly to the post office, where I was waiting in a state of most painful indecision for the arrival of the stage, when George Spates drove down in a light one-horse carriage on his way to Washington. I asked him if he

could give me a ride down, and he said it would give him great pleasure to accommodate me, as he had no load on and no company for his journey. I had a very pleasant ride down as far as Mrs. Pierce's establishment on Fourteenth, from which place I walked to the boarding house. I left Mr. Spates fully convinced that I had conferred a great favor on him by riding with him.

I found Pa quite well and well advanced with his work. He thinks that he will get through in three or four days. Mr. Bemis has increased his stock of furniture amazingly since I left; he has several hundred dollars worth on hand. I do not know whether I can make any bargain with him now in reference to anything, for some new kink must have entered his head since I left, to induce him to go so largely into the furniture business.

He says that he has seen Cousin Lib once during my absence. Perhaps she has been putting some foolish notions into his head. But I rather think it was the excitement of bidding, which operates as a kind of intoxication upon a nervous temperament like his, that induced him to buy so largely. If you could induce him to sell it, you could find furniture enough now, and that of a very good quality too, among what he has on hand, to furnish every room in your house handsomely.

I went around with him after tea this evening to see his new purchases, but could not exactly find out what disposition he intends to make of them. He has a most beautiful tea-set—that is, a sugar bowl, cream jug, teapot, two cups and saucers, and a china waiter—which he bought at a sale of the effects of the late Phil. Barton Key.⁴³ I never saw anything handsomer than they are in my life. He only gave five dollars for them, but says he would not take ten. I wish you could see the gentleman and his furniture. I have no doubt but that you could find a great many articles to suit you, and I also believe that you could induce him to part with any of it you want at auction price.

Pa says that he has seen nothing of Fred [Fairfax] since I left. I know he must have been at the house, or at least that if he has not, he ought to have been, and that I don't intend to go to his house again until he comes to see me.

I suppose Charly must have been in Rockville when I left, although I did not see him, for Pa says he started to go up in the stage this morning. He would have been up before, but when he got to Washington on his way to Rockville he was telegraphed too, informing him of his uncle's death, and he returned to Baltimore to attend the funeral. However, you will see him soon, if you have not already done so, and hear more particularly than I can inform you concerning his doings.

I have not been in Washington over three hours, and have had no conversation with anyone except Pa and Bemis during that time, and but very little with either of those. Consequently, you can't expect much information in regard to metropolitan affairs this time. The Sickles case, I learned from the *Sun* today before I left Rockville, is to be tried next Monday week. That fire Frank spoke of was in the very place he thought it was, quite near our room. I guess I missed a splendid sight. Well, I'm tired and sleepy, so good night to you all.

Tho. Anderson

Washington May 29, 1859

Dear Ma,

When I came down to Washington Saturday before last, the city looked so gloomy and cheerless as compared with the country that I felt like returning immediately; and had it not been that I wished to get admission to the bar of the Circuit Court here this term, I think I should have looked out for some way to get back. I have been admitted now, and would have walked up, if no other chance had presented itself, some time last week; only that Pa told me Mary and Frank would be down Saturday, and I wished to introduce her to some of my friends here and also to note what a sensation she would create in our political metropolis.

I spent a day last week at Mr. Fairfax's. Fred is in Westmoreland County, Va. I told Mrs. Fairfax that I thought it very strange that Fred should go elsewhere after promising me to come up directly. She said that she did not hear anything of his promise to go up to Mongtomery, but thought that he might return in time to make us a visit yet.

Miss Alice was very sick when I was up

there. She had been confined to her room for several days, but she came down quite early in the evening and remained until I left. I could not help thinking of Herbert's description of her; she really did look weak and no mistake. I never saw anyone so changed by a few days of sickness in my life before. Last winter I thought she had the most beautiful carriage and buoyant elastic step I ever saw. Now she seems scarcely able to walk, and has the most perfectly languid, listless appearance I ever saw in anyone.

Robert Thrift⁴⁴ has been begging me to take him up with me and introduce him to Miss Alice. I mentioned his request to Miss Alice, and she said if he were a sober young man—she presumed by his being an acquaintance of mine that he was a gentleman—she would be most happy to make his acquaintance. I suppose I will have to take him up and present him.

I went to the music at the Capitol yesterday afternoon with Pa. Oh! the grounds do look so beautiful now! The foliage of the trees is perfectly dense, and the grass is of the darkest green and most beautifully trimmed; and the fountain is so arranged as to play in the form of a beautiful flower, which seems from one point of view to be encircled by a rainbow. Pa was dressed in his very best, and flourished around the whole evening with Mrs. Gillett.⁴⁵ I tell you they attracted a good deal of attention. Mrs. Gillett is certainly one of the most splendid looking women I ever saw, certainly the prettiest looking woman in Washington west of the Capitol. She is very much like Miss Mary Brewer, and at the same age must have been exactly like her. She is now twenty-seven. She says . . . [rest of letter missing]

[Thomas Anderson]

Vallombrosa June __, 1859

Dear Pa,

I should have written to you immediately on my arrival at home, but I really did not know what to write about. I am just as ignorant of home matters as you are. I wanted Ma to write, as she could give you more information than I could. She says she will write in a few days.

When I got home, I only found Ma and

James and Minor home. Mary, Ginnie, and Lily were down at Uncle Jimmy's, and Ned was over in Fairfax [County]. Frank went down the next day, Tuesday, and brought Ginnie home. The rest have not yet returned.

The crops all look first rate. I think we will have an excellent crop of wheat. Frank's flower garden is very pretty now. He brought up two very pretty rose bushes and some other little flowers with him last Monday, which added greatly to the appearance of the garden.

I have not seen anything about that business of Muncaster's yet, and really do not know exactly what I can do about it. They are all well at home. Give my best respects to Mr. Cox, and tell him if he can get me any business to do, I will attend to it any time.

Your son,
Tho. Anderson

Dear Husband,⁴⁶

I write a few lines to let you know that I am thinking of you all the time. James is from home, so that I do not know what arrangement we can make with Peter yet. Neilson was to have sent him a check yesterday. If he receives that and Tom could collect that of White, it might answer for the present. As soon as it is arranged, I will let you know. I am looking for the children every minute. Ned has two horses away and I miss them very much. He finished planting potatoes Saturday evening. There are twenty-three bushels in all.

Frank has been with us since yesterday morning. He and Tom planted five hundred tobacco plants yesterday evening. The season was not sufficient to continue the planting. Frank is at work for James today, dividing Mr. Hunter's farm in three parts. Mr. England and daughters spent Monday evening with me, the girls being away. Jinnie says Aunt Polly [Minor] was very much pleased with Frank. She says he is beautiful. She never saw a face she thought prettier. She gave him a pressing invitation to visit her again. Kitty Ann⁴⁷ thinks him like Richard. Frank was not much pleased with the appearance of the country down there, thinks it rather wild. He likes Aunt Polly and Uncle Jamie very much. When Ned

and the other children come I will write to you again. I want to see you very much.

Your affectionate wife,
Mary Anderson

Persons about think our crops generally are looking as well if not better than any in the neighborhood. The garden looks well and much cleaner than usual at this season. James talks of getting a reaper. Mary got a letter from Bertha [Falk] yesterday. Mr. Sloane⁴⁸ requests me to ask you to get him and send by the next letter a small pair of tweezers to take the hair out of his eyes. James seems anxious for his chain.

Vallombrosa Dec. 9, 1859

Dear Pa,

Ma requested me to write to you today, as she is too busy attending to Minor and Lily to do so, to inform you that in consequence of the sickness of the children, she will be unable to send your clothes down until Frank goes down next Monday or Tuesday.

Minor and Lily have been quite sick. Indeed, Minor has been extremely ill, but Henry Sommers, who has been quite constant in his attentions ever since they were taken sick Tuesday night, says, if not convalescent, they are both decidedly better. There is no news.

Your son,
Thomas Anderson

Dear Husband,⁴⁹

I take a few minutes while Minor is sleeping to say to you if there had not been a very decided improvement in the children, Frank would have been down for you this morning. If the least change for the worse [occurs], he will come for you instantly. He is awake and I must take him.

Your wife,
Mary

[Vallombrosa ca. Dec. 1859]

Dear Tom,

We have had quite a hospital of our house since I last wrote. In the first place I was taken with what I think was something of pleurisy. I took several pills of blue mass,

which is more medicine than I have taken for twenty years. Ed has been very ill. Frank R. was taken quite sick here one day last week and had to stay two days. He then went home and was confined to his room two days more. He was here yesterday evening and is here again today, though far from being well.

Minor, Lily, and Dick are not well, though better. Little John has been extremely ill all the week. I thought him a little better this morning. He is not so well again this evening, so you see I have been too much occupied to lay up or pay the required attention to myself. John's [Anderson] family have been all sick. Jamie is no better and Julia is very ill with pleurisy. Indeed, almost everybody about here are [sic] more or less complaining.

Frank brought up yesterday a copy of the journal in which there is something said of the academy and of the ladies and gentlemen of the village generally, which they say has caused great indignation against the editor of that paper. We see very little of Scott. Mary received the bundle with her dress and liked it, except that it is from the same piece as the other. She says she would like to come down but for the trouble and expense. She says she is obliged to you for your compliment.

What is the matter with your Pa that he does not write? Nobody's letters can make up for his. Frank R. is invited to his cousin's wedding which takes place on Thursday. He intends going if he is well enough and will return on Saturday. He will bring Mr. A. [Anderson] up with him should he go. However, I will try to write again before that time as I should like you both to come, if convenient.

I dare say there is a good amount of business done in Washington and that you could get a share of it if you would use the necessary industry. I wish it was in our power to give you all the help you need in the beginning. It should be cheerfully done. You must do the best you can under the circumstances.

I was interrupted in my letter last evening by Mr. England's and Scott's coming, and resume it again this evening to be sent tomorrow by Frank. We are all rather better today, I mean the sick John is; rather,

maybe a shade better. Mr. England looks worse than I ever saw him.

I reckon Frank will offer to bring Mr. A. up next Saturday and maybe Charly may be there to bring you up. I will send the journal that you may see how the Rockville folks are used up. James started with his saddle bags on his back this morning with Mr. Young to survey his farm. Tell your father James says he must bring him three yards of linen paper and some sheets of common drawing paper. He has a good deal of platting to do and no paper. Write soon and let me know how Cousin Lib comes on.

Your mother,
Mary Anderson

Thomas Anderson never succeeded in establishing himself as a lawyer in Washington, but he eventually did prosper by going into partnership with William Veirs Bouic in Rockville. The terms were drawn up and agreed to on February 1, 1862, as follows:

It is this first day of February, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-two, agreed between the subscribers to enter into copartnership in the practice of law upon the following terms, to wit: Thomas Anderson shall be entitled to receive, for his part of said practice, all fees arising from Magistrates' trials, but which is not to include commissions on the collection of small claims; also one half of all fees arising from such business as comes into their hands from the personal friends and clients of said Anderson.

W. Veirs Bouic shall receive for his part of said practice all the rest and residue of the fees and moneys arising from said practice not above assigned to said Anderson, and shall not be entitled to any compensation for office rent, fuel, and stationery.

Each party shall pay any expenses he may incur not herein provided for, and either party may put an end to the agreement by giving to the other one month's notice preceding the commencement of any regular term of the Circuit Court for Montgomery County.

Witness our hand and seals in duplicates.
W. Veirs Bouic seal
Thom. Anderson seal

William Veirs Bouic was considerably older than his partner: he had been admitted to the bar in 1840.⁵⁰ Later, when Bouic became a judge, Thomas carried on the partnership with his son of the same name, who was admitted to the bar in 1870.⁵¹ He continued in practice with the younger Bouic until his death in 1900 at the age of sixty-five.

Thomas Anderson married twice. His first wife was Martha Wootton (d. 1882); his second, Ella Darne (1850–1914). Early in the 1880s he built a large frame house at the northeast corner of West Montgomery Avenue and North Adams Street. He had no children by either wife, and consequently left the house to Thomas Minor Anderson, only child of his youngest brother, George Minor Anderson, the Minor of the letters. Thomas Minor Anderson, who became a judge of the Circuit Court of Montgomery County and judge of the Court of Special Appeals at Annapolis, left it, upon his death in 1981, to his own son, Thomas Minor Anderson junior, who continues to occupy the same house in Rockville today.

APPENDIX

The following letter, the last extant one of Thomas Anderson, was written some twenty years later to the by-then grown George Minor Anderson. The latter had just arrived at West Point in expectation of preparing for a military career. He did not complete his studies there, however, but instead eventually followed the example of Thomas and became a lawyer. The letter, of older-brotherly encouragement, has a staid, settled quality which provides a marked contrast to the tone of the earlier letters, written when Thomas was himself searching out his way.

Rockville, Md. June 18, 1878⁵²

Dear Minor,

Your letter from West Point reached me this morning. I was pleased to learn that you experience no difficulty on your journey, but was greatly distressed at your despondent tone. I have no doubt but that you feel lonely and dispirited at finding

yourself so far from home and among entire strangers, and that this feeling induced you to indulge in gloomy forebodings.

You must, however, cheer up and feel confident, and you will then, doubtless, go through both your examination and academic course all right. If you pass your examination and enter the academy, Mat [Martha Wootton] and myself (D.V.) [Deo volente: God willing] will visit you some time during the year—perhaps late in the summer or early in the fall.

I was out home [at Vallombrosa] Sunday and found them all very anxious to hear from you. Pa came in again yesterday morning and was greatly disappointed at not getting a letter. If you remain at the academy, you must be punctual in writing home. Pa is too old and feeble now to bear any anxiety, and protracted silence on your part will always occasion him great uneasiness.

There is no news here. Indeed, it is about as dull as dull can be. I feel very happy, however, as I have long since ceased to depend on excitement or outside influence of any sort for my pleasure.

You must pass your examination, in which event we will, as I said before, (D.V.) visit you. If, contrary to my expectation, you fail to enter, there is nothing left you but to return at once, and we shall then make some provision for you.

Very truly yours,
Thomas Anderson

REFERENCES

1. For an account of James' letters written to his family while he was at the Constitutional Convention, see George M. Anderson, S.J., "A Delegate to the 1850–51 Constitutional Convention: James W. Anderson of Montgomery County," *Maryland Historical Magazine* 76 (Fall 1981).
2. See George M. Anderson, S.J., "An Early Commuter: the Letters of James and Mary Anderson," *Maryland Historical Magazine* 75 (Fall 1980).
3. Major George Peter owned Montanverte, near Darnestown. He was elected to Congress for two terms, and dominated the Democratic party in Montgomery County from 1815 until his death in 1861. Ray Eldon Hiebert and Richard K. MacMaster, *A Grateful Remembrance: the Story of Montgomery County* (Rockville, 1976), p. 137.
4. William Veirs Bouic, a local attorney who practiced in Rockville, and later became a judge. A direct descendant of the same name still lives and practices law in Rockville.

5. John Brewer was a Rockville lawyer. He was, with Thomas' father, one of the five Montgomery County delegates to the 1850-51 Constitutional Convention.
6. Dr. John Wallace Anderson (1805-67), brother of James Wallace Anderson. He lived on a neighboring farm and practiced medicine in the Rockville area from 1833 to 1867. See "Anderson Lineage," compiled by Emily Emerson Lantz for the *Baltimore Sun*, April 1, 1906 and printed in pamphlet form, p. 6.
7. Richard died a few days after this letter was written.
8. The Hunters lived on a nearby farm. In a letter of Mary Minor Anderson to James W. Anderson dated Dec. 1, 1850, she speaks of them as "our neighbors."
9. Edward was ill at the same time as Richard, but survived. He later studied medicine at the University of Maryland and practiced in Rockville.
10. Dick was a slave. The family owned about six.
11. The Wallace cousins lived in Washington. Mary Wallace, mother of the Fannie who was Thomas' contemporary, operated a boarding house on Pennsylvania Ave. at which James lived for much of his time in Washington. In a letter from James to Mary dated April 8, 1854, he describes it as being "a few doors east of the market house on the same side of the Avenue next door to Wilson's grocery store, and over Cohen's shoe store."
12. James W. Anderson was elected corresponding secretary of the Montgomery County Agricultural Society in 1850 and again in 1852 and 1853; so the family had more than a passing interest in the fair which the society sponsored. The minutes of the society are in the possession of the Montgomery County Historical Society in Rockville.
13. Mary Minor Anderson's brother, later referred to as Uncle Jimmy.
14. Dr. Alexander Falk was a German who for a time conducted a school in Rockville. He tutored several of the Anderson children in German and was a close friend of the family. He is frequently referred to in the letters of James and Mary. Later in the 1850s he moved from Rockville to take a position at St. James school near Hagerstown. He had a daughter, Bertha, who was a friend of Thomas' sister Mary.
15. In his *History of Western Maryland* (3 vols., Philadelphia, 1882), J. Thomas Scharf mentions Joshua Dorsey as being a Montgomery County Commissioner in 1830; I: 665.
16. The three oldest sons, James, Thomas, and Richard, took an active part in the field work—an indication of the family's slender means.
17. The Rabbits had a farm in the Rockville area.
18. George Minor Anderson, the youngest child.
19. Philip J. Connell was sheriff in Montgomery County, 1851-53. Scharf, *Western Maryland*, I: 664.
20. The Woottons lived nearby. Henry Wootton was, like Thomas, an aspiring young lawyer. Thomas expresses envy of his greater career advantages in the letter of March 7, 1858.
21. James made a point of visiting Washington art exhibits. There was also an artist living at his boarding house, a Mr. Janvier. James describes him in a letter to his wife dated May 7, 1859, as "a very genteel nice young man from Philadelphia who goes out taking sketches. I am told he paints miniatures." In the 1853 Washington *Directory* of Alfred Hunter, Benjamin A. Janvier is listed as a clerk in the Third Auditor's Office of the Treasury Department, with a salary of \$1000 a year.
22. Henson is often mentioned in the correspondence of James and Mary Anderson. He was evidently not a slave, but a freed man or a hired hand who lived on the farm.
23. Thomas' oldest brother, James, was surveyor for Montgomery County in the four years preceding the Civil War. When the war broke out, he enlisted in the Thirty-fifth Battalion of Virginia Cavalry. See George M. Anderson, S.J., "A Captured Confederate Officer: Nine Letters from Captain James Anderson to his Family," *Maryland Historical Magazine* 76 (Spring 1981).
24. A portion of this letter appeared in "An Early Commuter: the Letters of James and Mary Anderson."
25. This Mr. Fields was probably Matthew Fields, publisher of the *Montgomery County Sentinel*, to whom Thomas refers again in his letter of May 7, 1858.
26. Frank and Charles Rozer (the name is also spelled Rozier in other of the Anderson family letters) later married Thomas' two older sisters, Mary and Ginnie. Charles, or Charly as he is usually referred to in the letters, caused considerable unease by his heavy drinking. The brothers were well-to-do Virginians who owned a plantation near Gunston Hall.
27. The precise context is unknown, but the fact that there was such a pressing debt that a "compulsory process" might have ensued, again shows the relative precariousness of the family's financial situation.
28. Thomas had poor eyesight. In a letter dated March 19, 1851, written from Annapolis, his father writes to his mother that he has bought sets of Hume and Gibbon with "good large print that even Tom can read." "Tobias' glasses" refers to the Biblical story of the blind Tobit whose sight is restored by his son Tobias.
29. John G. England was a Rockville lawyer.
30. The projected article for Fields' *Montgomery County Sentinel*, if written at all, never appeared in print.
31. Will was a slave.
32. The election concerned the Rockville Academy. Thomas' father was president of the board of trustees, and his brother James taught there for several years before taking up surveying.
33. James W. Anderson's leaving the boarding house run by his cousin, Mary Wallace, seems to have caused some ill feeling. Why James moved is unclear; there are suggestions in other family letters that he did not get along with his cousin Richard Wallace, who lived in the same house.
34. This is one of three surviving letters written to Thomas by his mother.
35. William Boyd's 1860 Washington and Georgetown *Directory* lists a Philip H. Minor who boarded on Louisiana Ave.
36. David H. Bouic was a cousin of William Veirs

Bouic, according to the latter's present day descendant, William V. Bouic of Rockville. He ran a drygoods store on what was then the main street, East Montgomery Avenue. Ads for his wares appear in the *Montgomery County Sentinel* of the period, as this one in the *Sentinel* of Oct. 17, 1856, in which he describes himself as a "dealer in all kinds of dry goods, groceries, hardware, queensware, boots, shoes, hats, ready-made clothing, etc."

37. Fannie Prout was Frances Rachel Prout (1834-88). The Prouts lived in what is known as "the old Brewer house" on Falls Road, one of the oldest houses in Rockville. Fannie Prout in 1861 married Judge John T. Vinson. One of their daughters, Julia Prout Vinson, later married Thomas' younger brother, George Minor Anderson.

38. Because, that is, of the adjournment of Congress.

39. Early in 1859 Congressman Daniel Sickles of New York shot and killed Philip Barton Key, son of Francis Scott Key, in a quarrel over Sickles' young wife. He was acquitted and later became a general for the Union forces in the Civil War.

40. This letter was begun by Thomas' older sister, Mary, and continued in the second paragraph by his mother.

41. Mary Minor Anderson's headaches were chronic and severe. She frequently alludes to them in her

letters to her husband.

42. Mr. Bemis was a co-worker of James W. Anderson in the Sixth Auditor's office of the Post Office. He sold furniture bought at auctions as a means of augmenting his income.

43. See note 39 above.

44. Robert Thrift was a Virginia cousin of Thomas on the Minor side of the family.

45. Mrs. Gillett lived at James W. Anderson's boarding house. She remarried before James lost his job at the beginning of the Civil War.

46. Mary added this section to Thomas' letter as a long postscript.

47. Kitty Ann was Katherine Ann Anderson, James W. Anderson's younger sister. She married Edward Gantt.

48. Sloane was a handyman on the farm. He is often mentioned in the letters of James and Mary. The fact that he is referred to here as "Mr.," whereas Henson is not, suggests again that the latter may have been a freed man only.

49. Part of the same letter of Dec. 9, 1859.

50. Scharf, Western Maryland, I: 668.

51. *Maryland Manual for 1897-98*, compiled by Elihu S. Riley (Annapolis, 1898), p. 29.

52. The letterhead reads: Anderson and Bouic, Attorneys-at-Law. Practice in the Courts of Montgomery County, Md., and the District of Columbia.

John Wilkes Booth's Enigmatic Brother Joseph

JOHN C. BRENNAN

ALTHOUGH NUMEROUS BOOKS WRITTEN on the subject of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln touch on the members of the Booth family, only Stanley Kimmel's monumental *The Mad Booths of Maryland*,¹ first published forty-two years ago, supplies any substantive information on Joseph Adrian² Booth, the youngest and least prominent brother of Junius Jr., Edwin, and John Wilkes. An inquiry recently addressed to a nationally known authority on the Lincoln assassination elicited a genial reply that referred to Joseph (who was a medical doctor³) as a dentist. And a request for help in identifying an 1865 newspaper woodcut that may possibly be Joseph brought back the admission from one of the foremost collectors of Lincoln assassination photographs that he did not know a Joseph Booth existed.

A Baltimore newspaper's account of Dr. Booth's death in 1902 recites that "he was born in this city at the family residence in North Exeter Street . . . studied medicine at the Charleston University . . . later graduated with the degree of M.D. from the University of New York . . . For 30 years . . . was engaged in the practice of medicine in New York and built for himself a large and lucrative practice."⁴ These bare biographical facts constituted just about all that was known of Joseph Booth until the publication of the Kimmel book.

Further basic data about our subject appeared as the result of Kimmel's five years' research.⁵ Joseph was born on February 8, 1840, Kimmel stated, probably in Baltimore

Mr. Brennan, a resident of Laurel, is the author of other works on the Lincoln assassination and on Prince George's County history. He is indebted to Charles E. Holding, Richard E. Sloan, Constance Head, and William Hatchett for their substantial and open-ended assistance.

(but possibly at the Booth "Farm" near Bel Air, Md.⁶). At his birth brothers "June" (for Junius), Edwin, and John were 18, 6, and almost 2, respectively, and sisters Rosalie and Asia 16 and 4. John Wilkes and Joseph attended the Bel Air Academy⁷ together for about five years. Later the two boys were sent to St. Timothy's Hall in Catonsville, Maryland, where Samuel Bland Arnold, one of the conspirators in Wilkes's March 1865 plot to abduct President Lincoln, was also a student.⁸ Joe's sister Asia, in an undated letter written in the autumn of 1854, mentions that "Joe goes to school in Elkhorn, Cecil County; John is trying to farm."⁹

Having decided to become a doctor, Joe enrolled at a medical college in Charleston, South Carolina,¹⁰ where, according to Kimmel, he "joined one of the Confederate staffs as a physician and served with the rebels attacking Fort Sumter."¹¹ We also learn from Kimmel's book that shortly after Lincoln's assassination Joseph was summarily arrested upon his arrival in New York from San Francisco, where he had been employed for about a year. Joe was released when it became apparent that he was completely innocent of any complicity in his brother John's insane act. In later years this youngest of the Booth children served as treasurer for his brother Edwin's *Booth Theatre*, was widowed and remarried, and at age 49 received his medical degree from New York University.¹² "Soon after," Kimmel writes, "he became attending physician at the Northern Dispensary on Christopher Street, intermittently lecturing on surgery at various institutions in the city." With regard to Joe's second marriage Kimmel states:

About 1894 he married Cora Elizabeth [sic] Mitchell, one of his North Carolina cousins half his age. A son was born to them but

died when fifteen months old. The latter part of Joseph's life was spent at his residence in East Twenty-first Street. He . . . gave up professional activity shortly before his death from pneumonia on February 26, 1902 . . . and was the last of the Maryland Booths to be buried in Green Mount Cemetery.¹³

Although exhaustively researched and documented, *The Mad Booths of Maryland* fails to disclose the name of, and any biographical information concerning, Joe's first wife, thus further illustrating the difficulty of unearthing specifics about this brother of one of the country's most famous tragedians, Edwin Booth, as well as of its most infamous assassin, John Wilkes.

There are many instances of inaccurate information that confronted (and continue to confront) researchers like Kimmel. Otis Skinner, a highly knowledgeable and well-informed actor, parenthetically and irresponsibly inserted John Wilkes's rather than Joseph's name in an important January 1863 letter of Edwin's that he quoted in an otherwise creditable book.¹⁴ And Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, whose husband was probably Edwin Booth's closest friend, in her 1920 reminiscences "clarified" another letter of Edwin's referring to his mother's "strange, wild, and ever-moving . . . *youngest boy*" as being John Wilkes—when the boy Edwin was describing was of course Joe.¹⁵ Even baptismal records at St. Timothy's Episcopal Church in Catonsville show Joseph as "John Adrian," while John Wilkes, baptized at the same service, is correctly registered.¹⁶

What did Joseph Adrian Booth look like? A staff member of the United States Legation in London during 1862 observed in his diary that Joseph "looked so like a Catholic clergyman that I thought he was one. He is a gentlemanly fellow, good looking, and yet very unlike his brother Edwin."¹⁷ All the likely places having photographic collections have been canvassed in an effort to locate pictures of Joe, but there is only one known likeness of him extant, and that is the one here seen. Stanley Kimmel came upon this same picture in the War Department's archives labeled "Herold's photograph" (David E. Herold was hanged following the Conspiracy Trial of 1865) and recognized it as being Joe because of an

identical woodcut he had found in an 1896 newspaper article on the Booths.¹⁸ A duplicate of the War Department photograph that had been given The Players Club by the portrait collector named in the 1896 newspaper was generously provided by the Club's curator to go along with this article.

Two 1862 letters are extant in which John Wilkes writes to his business agent Joseph H. Simonds and makes reference to Joseph's mysterious disappearance from New York City:

March 22. . . . No news yet of Joe. have hunted every place I can think of. I can't tell what to do. poor Mother will take it so hard.¹⁹

April 13. . . . No news yet from the runaway. expect we shall get a letter in a few weeks. he is doubtless at sea.²⁰

A letter written to Edwin, then in Europe, by Mary Ann Booth, his mother, solves for us the mystery of Joe's whereabouts. The letter was inadvertently dated May 10 rather than June 10, 1862.

My dear Edwin.

Yours of 23 May I have just received—ere this I hope you have seen Joseph—I have no doubt he will be delighted with Paris. I wish you were all worth Millions so that you could travel and see everything. I sometimes think he is not contented, as he has not written one line to me since he left New York. I was in hopes to have had a long letter from him telling me all his adventures for in the confusion & hurry of his departure I heard nothing. I only knew that he was alive and well. I have had two letters from Asia, one from Cork and one from London . . . I also sent a newspaper that Joe might see how we are going with the war they have not taken Richmond yet the last battle . . . was at Fair Oaks, near Richmond—loss on our side 5739²¹ . . . Over 300 wounded were brought into Philadelphia . . . Joe says I treat him as if he was still a baby he don't think that I love him just the same as if he were. I pray to God to Protect him.²²

As will be noted from the next letter quoted, Joe departed Gravesend, England, on or about July 15, 1862, bound for Australia. Why he left the United States in early 1862 is not known, and one is tempted to speculate his decision to extend his ex-



FIGURE 1.

This is the only known likeness, photographic or otherwise, of Dr. Joseph Adrian Booth. (Courtesy of The Players Club.)

patriate status was caused by an unwillingness to enter military service on the side of the Union. Another question lacking an answer is whether Brother Edwin approved or forbade, or was called on to help finance, the voyage. The following excerpt from a letter Mrs. Booth wrote Edwin on January 15, 1863, indicates Joe was doing exactly as he wanted—irrespective of his family's wishes:

. . . Rosalie went yesterday to Blockley post office²³—but no letters—I saw the *Africa* brought the Australian mails—but I dont know of what date, so I thought there might be one for me—its 6 months today since Joseph left Gravesend—but as no one saw him off how can we be sure that he went

there I do think it was the cruellest thing that could be, Josey to throw himself away as he has done and make us all so very miserable he is hardly ever out of my thoughts by day, & at night I dream of him.²⁴

The most revealing (and intimate) family letter that we have concerning Joe was written by Junius to his brother Edwin on October 20, 1862, from San Francisco. It contains remarks about Joe's enlisting, his military campaign, his desire to be an officer, and an expressed and unfulfilled hope on Junius's part that Joe might continue his medical studies in England. The missive almost certainly refers to Joe's services with the Confederate forces attacking Fort



FIGURE 2.

An enlargement of the picture of Joseph Booth's face shows him to have been sharp-featured and bearing a resemblance to his older brother John Wilkes.

Sumter while he was enrolled at the Medical College in Charleston.

I wrote to Joe before he left for Eng^d & sent him \$50. he has never answered it was the gift so contemptable? Joe seems an enigma. but I think I can guess him. I would not say so to Mother but I am afraid he is not sound in mind. his insane manner of enlisting & subsequent conduct in Engld & his departure for Aust seem to point that way. Mind I do not say positive insanity but a crack that way. Which father in his highest had & which I fear runs more or less thro' the male portion of our family myself included. I have felt this so strong at times that it has almost become a study with me to do nothing on impulse—so I have fallen into the other extreme & calculate so long on a transaction that the moment for action passes & leaves me high & dry like a vessel that has missed the tide . . . The last letter I had from Joe (just previous to his military campagne) was full of hopes for the future in his profession I thought from the tenor of it that he was delighted with surgery—his objection to the army was foolish. he wanted to be an officer without any of the requisites for it. The profession of arms is one of the most difficult studies of the age. See what dreadful blunders the best of the most practiced are daily making. I don't know what to do with Joe if he should come here. Idlers

Bummers &c are as thick here as flies & for him to work with no other object in view but the present, is a sad waste of his youth & the knowledge he has already acquired. I was in [hope?] that he would have continued his studies in England—but in the name of God what can he do in Australa I recd a letter from Asia pleading in Joe's behalf & excusing his conduct putting it down as sensitiveness & innate modesty, but I am afraid my surmise is nearer the truth. Asia seems to think that you are angry with Joe, but I could not detect anything of the kind in your letter—

I am sorry that you & Asia are not on more loving terms—but I feel Asia has a little of the family taint—which I hope time may cure—& John who was to be my constant correspondent wrote one letter & there stopped. . . .²⁵

It is likely that Joe would have escaped all suspicion of complicity in Lincoln's assassination had he not so erratically and precipitately left his West Coast job as a mail carrier the day before John Wilkes Booth shot the President, and had not Union Major General Irwin McDowell telegraphed Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton that the assassin's brother had abruptly departed San Francisco on April 13 bound for New York City by way of Nicaragua. "His leaving here was sudden," Stanton was informed, "& it is believed if he is arrested on his arrival and before he lands some information may be obtained."²⁶ Stanton immediately telegraphed Major General John A. Dix, Commanding the Department of the East in New York, ordering him to arrest Joseph Booth on his arrival and to seize his papers.

On May 11, 1865, New York City's Superintendent of Police John A. Kennedy sent a dispatch to General Dix telling him that, in conformity with Dix' request, Booth had been arrested and his baggage seized when he arrived in port on the steamer *Golden Gate*. Later the same day Stanton telegraphed General Dix:

You will cause an examination to be made of Joseph A. Booth & of any papers found in his possession & if any traces are discovered of complicity on his part in the conspiracy of his Brother & associates against the Government you will forward him to Washington. If none be found you will release him.

Please report the result of your examination to this Department. I hope that you will give this matter your personal attention & see that the examination is not careless & negligent as too many have been.²⁷

On May 12 General Dix subjected the 25-year-old Joe to a thorough interrogation. Booth's Confederate involvement while he was a medical student in Charleston in 1861 was evidently unknown to either Stanton or Dix, and it seems odd that the matter of his draft status before, during, or after his long absence from the country was ignored by his inquisitor. Joe's answers revealed his actual or purported reasons for visiting England and Australia, and whether true or false they seemed to satisfy General Dix. He explained that his Australian venture was something in the nature of a boyish dream of making a fortune, and that he had tried mining before becoming a clerk at a sheep and cattle station.

When Joe was asked, "Have you taken any part since this Rebellion broke out in public affairs," his incomplete response was, "No, sir. I have always felt loyal in regard to wishing the restoration of the country to its former . . ." This fragment of a reply is quite reminiscent of his brother John's nostalgic yearning for the Union as it once existed. (In an 1864 letter left with his sister Asia, Wilkes asserted that he had "loved the Union beyond expression . . . How I have loved the *old flag* can never be known. A few years since and the entire world could boast of *none* so pure and spotless . . . I look now upon my early admiration of her glories as a dream."²⁸)

Young Booth spoke convincingly when, in answer to a question, he replied that upon landing in Panama and there learning what his brother had done he was "never so astonished." Some of the drama of this proceeding, which must have caused untold anguish to the witness (as well as to members of his family already numb with uncertainty and grief) can be gained from the following highly revealing and dramatic transcript:

Examination of Joseph Adrian Booth²⁹

Before Maj. Gen. Dix, May 12, 1865

(In the City of New York)

J. A. Booth. I have never been brought up to any particular business. I have

read medicine for a time. I was in Wells Fargo's employ in San Francisco.

- Q. For what period were you in their employ?
- A. A little over a year.
- Q. Beginning when and ending when?
- A. I think it was in June, one year ago—not quite a year.
- Q. June of '63 or '64—
- A. June of '63.
- Q. That would be two years last June?
- A. Yes, sir.
- Q. When did you leave them?
- A. I left on the 9th or 10th of last month.
- Q. You were with them from June '63 to April '65—
- A. Yes sir. It has been only a year—June '64. I came from Australia.
- Q. What capacity were you in with them?
- A. I was letter clerk—carrying letters.
- Q. Why did you leave them?
- A. I disliked the business very much. The city is very hilly, and I had a great part of the city to go over. I was on foot. Had to carry a great many letters around.
- Q. You were letter deliverer in the city of San Francisco?
- A. Yes, sir—that was my business.
- Q. What day did you leave San Francisco?
- A. The 13th of April.
- Q. You came directly here?
- A. Intending to come directly here.
- Q. Where did you hear of the President's assassination?
- A. At Panama. Got full particulars when I got the other side to Aspinwall.
- Q. Have you had any intercourse with your brother?
- A. I had one letter while in Australia and one while in California. That one in Australia was three years ago. In California was five months ago.
- Q. He was here at that time—the last was written from here?
- A. I do not know whether it was dated in New York.—I think it was in Pennsylvania somewhere.
- Q. Have you only heard from him twice in four years?
- A. Yes, sir.
- Q. Have you been in California all the time?
- A. I was in Australia a portion of the time.
- Q. Did you get both letters from this section of the country?
- A. Yes, sir—United States.
- Q. Did you preserve the letters?
- A. No, sir; I didn't. The letters were of no importance at all.—Just congratulating me on my return to California and my success in business.

Q. What did you do in Australia?

A. I went out there with this quite boyish freak to make my fortune. I tried mining for a time. Was on a sheep and cattle station, northern part—clerk in the station.

Q. What is your age, Mr. Booth?

A. I am 23, sir.³⁰

Q. Your brother John was older?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. You are the youngest of your family?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. You run [sic] away from John in this city?

A. Yes, sir. That was about four and a half years ago. That was the time I went to Australia.

Q. Had he any guardianship over you?

A. No, sir—none at all. I was with him transacting business with him at the Theatre. I was troubled in mind and worried. I always had a sort of desire to travel.—Had money and left at the time and went to England to see my brother Edwin there, and with the intention of seeing my grandmother just before she died. She lived in Reading. She was dead a couple of weeks before I got there.

Q. Have you had any political associations in California, Mr. Booth?

A. No, sir.

Q. Of any kind?

A. No, sir. I never was anything of a politician. I never studied politics much.

Q. Have you taken any part since this Rebellion broke out in public affairs?

A. No, sir. I have always felt loyal in regard to wishing the restoration of the country to its former—

Q. You have had no association in California with persons hostile to the government?

A. There is [sic] one or two persons who came from the same part of the country I was from; I used to know them.—Just merely used to talk to each other. There was never any political conversation to my knowledge.

Q. Have you ever heard anything in California from anyone in regard to attempts to murder the President or members of the Cabinet, or commit any acts of violence of any kind to overthrow the government?

A. No, sir. I have never heard anything of such as that. I never was so astonished in anything as when I got to Panama to hear what had occurred—and my own brother.

Q. Who were these parties—you spoke of two—you were in the habit of associating with?

A. Well, a man from the part of the country I was from by the name of Gough, about the only one.

Q. Belonged in Maryland?

A. Yes, sir—adjoining farm—I went to school with him—schoolmates together. He was at one time my instructor.

Q. Was he disloyal?

A. No, sir. He was a loyal man.

Q. I suppose you mean he was not friendly to the Administration?

A. He was studying law there, intending, as I understood him to practice law. He was to take the oath of allegiance.

Q. How did he talk—in favor of the government or against it?

A. He always spoke in favor of it to me. I always found him to be in favor of the North—in favor of wishing the government to be restored.

Q. You say one, two or three—who were the others?

A. Rugby's family from Boston, I was acquainted with. They are living in San Francisco.

Q. I understood you to say you did not consider any of these parties as sympathizing with those endeavoring to destroy the government?

A. No, sir.

Q. You were not in the habit of associating with anyone that was in favor of the destruction of this country?

A. No, sir—not Secessionists.

Q. Will have to look at your baggage, Mr. Booth?

A. Yes, sir. (To officer: Did I give you a key?) [The baggage was examined and the Stenographer was directed to copy the following passport:]

"No. 659 Office ____? ____?, Dep. Office
San Francisco, Cal., April 12,
1865

J. A. Booth, a citizen of U.S. residing in California, age ____ years ____ height ____ feet ____ inches ____ complexion ____ hair ____ to embark for New York per steamer which sails on the 13th day of April, 1865.

"A. Morton
"Major 7th Infantry
"Col. Vols
"Provost Marshal."

Q. Did you ever quarrel with John at that time you went away?

A. Yes, sir. We had a little unpleasant feeling.

Q. What was the cause of that quarrel?

A. He thought I was not attending to his business.

Q. You was [sic] acting as agent for him at that time?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. He was playing an engagement?

A. Yes, sir. At Wallack's old Theatre (now

Broadway).

Q. Did you perform yourself?

A. No, sir.

Q. You never was [sic] on the stage?

A. Yes, sir—once or twice; but never to make it a business. Once in Philadelphia and once in Buffalo—some years ago. I was travelling with my brother Edwin. I just done it because the actors were not sufficient in number to play the piece. Done it out of courtesy.

Q. How long did you travel as agent for John Wilkes Booth?

A. That was the only time I was with him—it was during my stay in the city. That was between three and four years ago.

Q. How long was it after you left him that you heard from him?

A. It was about two or three months.

Q. Did you write him from England?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. What is this, Mr. Booth? (Referring to package taken from Booth's valise.)

A. That is a package of papers belonging to a man that came on with me—the name of the gentleman was Quinn.

Q. In that last letter that John wrote you did he offer you any inducements to come home—the one you received in California?

A. He wished me to stick to my business—to not roam any more round the world. He offered me no inducements to come home.

Q. Said nothing about your returning to the States—New York—or home did he?

A. I do not remember anything.

Q. Was your brother Junius in California when you arrived there?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. How long has Junius been on here?

A. About a year, I think.

Q. Did he get this situation for you at Wells Fargo & Co's?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you ever hear him spoken of there as a loyal man or not?

A. Everyone gave that opinion—he was very loyal.

Q. You always heard him spoken of as a loyal man?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Is his family on here?

A. He has one daughter—a child.

Q. What is the name of that child?

A. Mary Booth—no middle name—Yes, her name is Mary Rosalie—she was named after my sister Rosalie.

Q. You know that Junius has given up all business in California intending to make this his home—or there?

A. I do not know what length of time he contem-

plated staying here. His family is here—came on with him.

Q. Is that all your baggage?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. You said you left the employment of Wells Fargo about the 1st of April?

A. It was the first week of April.

Q. And got away the 13th

A. Yes, sir

Q. You left them for the purpose of coming here?

A. Yes, sir—intended to try to get into the office in this city.

Q. You resigned there?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Was not dismissed from their service?

A. Not at all.

Q. What amount of money—did you not have some money belonging to Wilkes in your possession when you went away?

A. Not much—a few dollars. Had money of my own.

Q. What is the amount you had when you started away from here?

A. About \$115 altogether.

Q. What portion of that belonged to Wilkes?

A. About \$3 or \$4. I was entitled to more than that as my salary.

Q. Who is this young man (Quinn) who came off with you?

A. I never met him but once in San Francisco—he was raffling a watch. I took a chance on the watch and got acquainted with him. I did not know he was coming till I found him aboard the boat.

Q. Have you ever been insane, Mr. Booth?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. For how long a time?

A. For several months. I was insane in Panama.

Q. On your return?

A. Yes, sir. That news made me insane.

Q. You was [sic] troubled before you went away from time to time?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Have you any idea how long you was [sic] troubled on your way here?

A. Two or three days aboard ship, when I heard the news. Two or three days out before I began to get my thinking faculties.

Q. You have had several attacks of it in your lifetime?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Do you remember how old you was [sic] when you had the first attack?

A. No, sir. About 10 or 12 I think.

Q. Have you ever been confined for that?

A. No, sir. It was melancholy insanity.
(Sergt. Young remarked that when Joseph ran away Wilkes left his likeness and was under the impression that he might commit

suicide.)

Q. You have no papers of your own?

A. No, sir.

Q. Had you not any papers about you when you was [sic] arrested on board ship?

A. No, sir.

Q. Any in your pocketbook?

A. I have no papers to my knowledge in it. (Examines it.) No, sir. (It was stated that he had been searched and no papers found on his person besides his passport.)

I received \$75 a month at Wells Fargo—boarded myself—boarded right across the street from the office—had a room to myself. The party's name who kept the house was—cannot think of his name now. Quinn did not board with me. I boarded at other places—at Mr. Babcock's, DuPont Street.

Q. Did not you get any recommendation from Wells Fargo when you left?

A. No, sir.

Q. Did you ask for one?

A. I wrote to June, if he would not get me into the office here in the city.

Q. Didn't you ask for any sort of recommendation when you left?

A. No, sir.

Q. Was it known on board the steamer that you was [sic] the brother of Wilkes?

A. Yes, sir. Several asked me how bad he looked, etc.

Q. Was your insanity spoken of by anyone?

A. No, sir—I do not think it was.

Q. You have no friend with you who came on board the steamer?

A. No, sir.

Q. No acquaintance except this young man?

A. I got a note from him—he said he would be here at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

Q. Who was that man that interfered with the officer on board in making the [your] arrest—asked the officer for his warrant?

A. He was a passenger that got aboard at San Juan.

Q. Were you intimate with him on the voyage?

A. No, sir. Never had anything to say to him.

Q. Any acquaintance with him on board?

A. I said a few words to him. He knew I was brother to Wilkes—suppose I was pointed out. He said he knew my brother here.

Q. Which brother?

A. Edwin. I think his name is Clarke.

Q. Do you know what is his profession?

A. Gambler at San Juan—was gambling there.

Q. Did he tell you where he was going to stop.

A. No, sir. I know nothing of him at all—only he got on at San Juan and interfered with Mr. Dusenbury.

Q. What did he say to you, Mr. Dusenbury?

A. (Mr. Dusenbury): He said, "What is the mat-

ter, Joe?" [Mr. Booth replied] "I am under arrest." "For what?" [Mr. Booth said] "I know not—here is an officer." He turned to me and said, "Have you got a warrant for this man's arrest?" I looked at him—said I had nothing to do with him—to stand back. He said I could not take the man. I said, "If you interfere I will take you in irons." He stood back, and had nothing more to say.

Q. I want him to state where he was when he heard the news of the assassination and all about it.

A. by J. A. Booth. I came in the *Moses Taylor*. I got ashore at Panama. I think the day we got in bulletins were stuck up on the corners, little slips telegraphed from the other side—regular steamer that came from New York brought the news.—I saw the statement. It said a man named Booth. I did not think anything of that. I knew there was a hundred Booths. In the afternoon an additional telegraph came and gave full particulars. Then was the first moment I could imagine it was a brother of mine done it.

Q. Did it say John Wilkes Booth?

A. Yes, sir. The first said "a man named Booth." As soon as we got to Aspinwall I saw the papers, full particulars.

Q. Did you have any conversation with anyone in Aspinwall before you heard it was John Wilkes Booth?

A. Except the passengers. They asked me if I knew it was a brother of mine. I said yes. I did not deny it.

Q. What passengers—those going over to Aspinwall with you?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you see anyone from the other side who had come from New York?

A. No, sir. They had got there at five o'clock in the afternoon—we left the next morning.

Q. You did not converse with any of those passengers?

A. With regard to it?

Q. Yes, sir.

A. No, sir. Only with those who were coming this way with me. As soon as they got out of the train they went right aboard the ship.

Q. How was the assassination spoken of by those on board?

A. As a most horrible, bloody thing.

Q. None in favor?

A. None in favor of it.

Q. None that seemed pleased with it?

A. No, sir. I did not notice one.

[Author's note: a few lines of repetitious information were omitted from the foregoing document.]

One wonders whether, as a boy, Joe ac-

tually did suffer from "melancholy insanity," as he stated in the interrogation, or whether he merely experienced periods of intense despondency over the oft-repeated and loudly proclaimed accusations of illegitimacy preceding his beloved father's sudden death in November 1852³¹. His seeming eagerness at the May 1865 questioning to acknowledge not only the childhood affliction but the much more recent loss of his faculties is indeed odd. Junius's letter to Edwin of October 20, 1862, clearly evidences his belief Joseph had inherited a mental problem, and John Wilkes's apprehension earlier in the same year that his runaway brother might be found a suicide (as disclosed at the May 12, 1865 Examination) reinforces Junius's feeling. Edwin Forrest, a prominent actor and a close friend of the Booth family, once expressed the opinion that "All those goddam Booths are crazy."³²

Nothing has been found to negate the suspicion that Joe's sympathies were with the Southern cause throughout the Civil War, even though his sister Asia asserted that he and Junius were "neutral."³³

No less than all the other Booths, Joseph had the ability to use words effectively. When Mark Gray fired two shots at Edwin while he was performing on stage in Chicago on April 23, 1879, Joe wrote Edwin the following letter from Boston:

5th Avenue Theatre April 24

Dear Ted:

We were all horrified at getting the news which has created such wide-spread indignation & seems to be the absorbing talk of the present time. It was a very narrow escape. Your dispatch was read by Rose before I got up, & when I went into the room where she was I found her crying very lively. She had opened your dispatch and all she seemed to be able to do was to point to it on the mantelpiece, it greatly startled her I assure you. . . . Mother was very much distressed when she heard it and it made her nervous, but she has got quite self-possessed again. The papers here all condemned it as a most dastardly occurrence and are without exception congratulatory of the attempt being abortive . . . I hope you'll use your utmost energy to get the fellow well under lock and key, for he don't deserve any leniency shown him. . . . I remain your affectionate brother. Joe.³⁴

Existing works on the Booths are vague on the subject of Joe's two marriages. *The Mad Booths of Maryland*, with its expertly done genealogical chart,³⁵ doesn't even name the first wife, although telling us that she died sometime in 1884. The book also intimates that she and Joe were married before 1868,³⁶ but one of the several obituary columns on this first wife that have been located in Baltimore newspapers correctly states that the marriage took place in June 1882.³⁷ These same newspaper accounts, without supplying her maiden name, reveal only that the late "Mrs. Joseph W. [sic] Booth" ["W" for Wilkes?] died at age 37 in Long Branch, New Jersey, of puerperal fever on Monday, August 11, 1884, and that, after a funeral mass, her body was taken from Long Branch to Baltimore accompanied by her husband, her brother Frank Hatfield, and her brother-in-law Joseph Tiffany.³⁸ "The funeral [in Baltimore] was attended by only a few family friends," one report recites, listing no member of the Booth family other than Joseph as being present.

For the record, let it be stated that Mrs. Joseph A. Booth's maiden name was Margaret Cecilia Hatfield. The death certificate obtained from Trenton, New Jersey, yields this information as well as the following data:

Birthplace: N.Y.

Cause of death: Puerperal septicaemia

Age: 39.

The records on Margaret at Green Mount Cemetery are quite vague, and the location of her grave in the Booth lot is not now ascertainable. "She may be the first wife of Dr. Joseph A. Booth," a cemetery superintendent speculated in 1954.³⁹

On October 15, 1884, shortly after Margaret Cecilia Booth died intestate, Letters of Administration were issued to her husband.⁴⁰ However, in January 1887, presumably at the instigation of Mrs. Geraldine Josephine Timoney, Mrs. Booth's sister, a jury heard testimony indicating that Mrs. Booth had had a premonition she would not survive the birth of an expected child and had therefore drafted, but had not signed, a paper leaving some \$6,000 to Mrs. Timoney and Mrs. Timoney's young son

Albert Philip. One of the witnesses to the unsigned document recalled hearing Mrs. Booth exclaim: "Oh, Mr. Booth has money enough; it won't hurt him. I received this money from my father and it is only right that my sister should have it."⁴¹ Evidently the court decided to reaffirm the intestacy, because the Office of the Surrogate of New Jersey has no will on file in the name of the decedent.⁴² The newspaper account of the 1887 proceeding reveals that both Mrs. Booth and the child died shortly after the baby's birth.

With regard to Joe's second marriage, a license issued in Edenton, North Carolina, certifies that on November 6, 1894, Joseph A. Booth, 54, married Cora E. Mitchell, 24, daughter of R. G. and Ella B. Mitchell, in St. Paul's Episcopal Church there. The local newspaper story on the wedding characterized it as "one of the most brilliant social events that has taken place in Edenton in years." The bride's brother, F. C. Mitchell, served as best man, and the bride was stated to be the eldest daughter of Col. F. G. Mitchell, the groom's first cousin. Mention was made of the fact that Dr. Joseph A. Booth, a practicing physician in the City of New York, was a brother of the late Edwin Booth (1833–1893), the great actor, and was the only living member of the original Booth family.⁴³

Mrs. Ella V. Mahoney, a lifelong devotee, enthusiast, and artifact collector on anything and everything having to do with the Booths, in 1925 published a slim hardback eulogizing them.⁴⁴ Not only had her father been a youthful companion of John Wilkes, but her first husband, Samuel A. S. Kyle, in 1878 had purchased the Booth's Tudor Hall homestead from the widow Mary Ann Booth. At one place in her book Mrs. Mahoney mentions the tiny gravestone in Green Mount Cemetery of "Edwin T. Booth, Son of J. A. & Cora E. Booth," and calls attention to the fact that the child's mother is not buried there. As knowledgeable as Mrs. Mahoney was, she was obviously unaware that Cora E. Booth was still alive and would remain so for another decade until being interred close to Joseph and baby Edwin in 1936.⁴⁵

Dr. Joseph A. Booth died in New York City at age 62 on February 20, 1902. After religious services held at the Stephen Mer-

ritt Company Chapel, his body was transported to Baltimore where, after additional Episcopal services conducted by the Rev. Peregrine Wroth, his body was placed in the public vault at Green Mount Cemetery (undoubtedly the same Weaver Vault in which John Wilkes had reposed for several months in 1869) for later interment in the Booth lot. For some strange and unexplained reason, none of the rather extensive accounts of his death and entombment mentioned his first, 1882, marriage to Cecilia Hatfield, her burial (with her newborn infant?) in Green Mount in 1884, or the birth, or death in 1895, of little Edwin Booth—whose Green Mount gravestone is devoid of all information except that shown in quotation marks in the preceding paragraph.

With regard to baby Edwin, the Cemetery records give his first name as Edward, his age at death as fifteen months, place of death as Long Branch, and date of burial as October 26, 1895.⁴⁶ The errors in citing the child's given name, and the fact that Joe and Cora had been married less than a year when the baby died, lead to the belief that certain of the statistics on file at Green Mount were obtained from, or provided by, someone with scant knowledge of the family's affairs.

In his will drawn up in 1897,⁴⁷ Dr. Booth expressed the wish that he be buried in "Green Mount Cemetery near Baltimore, Maryland," and left his summer cottage in Long Branch,⁴⁸ numerous parcels of land in New York City, his medical books, instruments, jewelry, bank accounts, and securities to his wife Cora Estelle. His niece and namesake, Adrienne Booth Clarke of London, England (Asia's daughter), was willed realty and shares of railroad stock—prompting nephews Sidney and Junius Booth to oppose probate on the grounds of undue influence.⁴⁹ An unidentified and undated newspaper clipping estimated the value of Joe's estate at \$35,000. Nephew Junius killed his wife and himself in England in 1912.

A pleasant afternoon spent in the company of a niece of Cora Estelle Booth in the spring of 1978 permitted the writer to handle and photograph several heirlooms that once belonged to Joseph Booth, and to learn of the existence and whereabouts of



FIGURE 3.

Joseph A. Booth, M.D. and his second wife and their infant son lie in one corner of the impressive Booth family lot in Green Mount Cemetery. Joseph's first wife, Margaret Cecilia Hatfield, and his brother John Wilkes are buried close by in unmarked locations. Wilkes' gravesite is the most sought out one in the cemetery which, coincidentally, dates back to 1838, the year of the assassin's birth.



FIGURE 4.

The small gravestone reading "EDWIN T. BOOTH, Son of J. A. & Cora E. Booth," has given rise to erroneous reports that the great actor Edwin (Thomas) Booth is buried at Green Mount.



FIGURE 5.

This simple, well-worn gold band, photographed in the author's palm, bears the initials "J.W.B." on its inner surface. Once Joseph's and now owned by a niece, it was obviously cut from a finger but no one knows from whose hand it was removed.

others. Among the items in this collection were John Wilkes Booth's plain gold ring with Wilkes's initials inside, crudely cut through as if removed from a swollen (or deceased person's) finger, a yellow and much handled cabinet-size photograph of Wilkes, snapshots of Cora Estelle Booth, and the deed and perpetual-care receipts issued by Green Mount Cemetery to Mrs. Mary Ann and Edwin Booth, respectively.⁵⁰ This branch of the family once owned the gold head of Wilkes's walking stick, ornately topped off in the shape of a horse's hoof and held by him in his best-known photographs,⁵¹ but it was disposed of by auction several years ago and its present whereabouts is unknown. An engraved sterling silver cup given to Junius Brutus Booth by his wife Mary Ann shortly before he died in 1852 is still in the family.

REFERENCES

1. Stanley Kimmel, *The Mad Booths of Maryland* (Indianapolis, 1940, and revised ed., New York, 1969). All citations herein are from the 1969 Dover Edition.
2. Asia Booth Clarke, *The Unlocked Book* (New York, 1938), p. 113. Mrs. Clarke states her brother "received the name of Adrien," but no instance has been encountered where he ever spelled his middle name in that fashion. Baptismal record (referred to in note 16 below) shows "Adrian."
3. George S. Bryan in *The Great American Myth* (New York, 1940), p. 80, asserts that "Joseph . . . became an ear-and-throat specialist." His authority for this statement is undoubtedly an obituary report in the *New York Tribune* of February 28, 1902, stating that Dr. Booth "was a specialist on the ear and throat in this city." Nowhere else has this alleged specialty been seen mentioned.
4. *Baltimore American*, March 2, 1902, p. 10. (Kimmel, on p. 342 of *The Mad Booths*, indicates the Booths were not living on Exeter Street when Joseph was born in 1840, the family having moved there circa 1846.)
5. Stanley Kimmel, on November 27, 1980, "at 86 years of age last June 12", gave "permission to use my Joe Booth material from *Mad Booths* . . . Good luck to you."
6. Birthplace disappointingly given as "U.S." in Death Certificate No. 6594, State of New York, February 16, 1902.
7. The Bel Air Academy building at 24 Pennsylvania Avenue, Bel Air, Md., is now a private residence.
8. *Catalogue of the Students at St. Timothy's Hall During the VII Session, 1851-1852*, located at Maryland Historical Society by Erick F. Davis. Among the students then enrolled were Fitzhugh Lee of Washington, D.C., and Jesse B. Wharton of Hagerstown, Maryland, one destined to become a Confederate general and the other a casualty of Old Capitol Prison. No catalogue showing the names of John Wilkes and Joseph Adrian Booth at St. Timothy's in 1853 is known to exist.
9. Peale Museum Collection ML513. Published with permission.
10. *Catalogue of the Medical College of the State of South Carolina, Session 1860-'61* transmitted with letter to author of March 22, 1977, from Medical University of South Carolina at Charleston, lists J. A. Booth of Philadelphia as a student.
11. Kimmel, *The Mad Booths*, p. 162. (Search at National Archives completed August 11, 1980, for Confederate service of Joseph A. Booth failed to reveal any enrollment for him.)
12. Letter dated April 8, 1980, from New York University states that "a Joseph Adrian Booth did graduate from our School of Medicine (known then as the University Medical College). There is no further information available, unfortunately." A copy of the oversized Latinized diploma issued to Josephum Adrianum Booth, dated "a.d. IV Mart. Anno Domini MDCCCLXXXIX [March 4, 1879]," has been provided by a cooperative Franklin Lenthall, Curator of the Boothbay Maine Theatre Museum.
13. Kimmel, *The Mad Booths*, p. 324. (Cora Mitchell's middle name was Estelle.)
14. Otis Skinner, *The Last Tragedian* (New York, 1939), p. 70. Here Skinner mistakenly and carelessly inserted a bracketed "[This was John Wilkes Booth]" after the phrase "that I may never see again" in the following excerpt from a letter written by Edwin Booth: ". . . that was in the Bois de Boulogne, when a dearly loved brother . . . that I may never see again . . ." Edwin was here referring to brother Joseph, who had visited him prior to departing England for Australia.
15. Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, *Crowding Memories* (Boston and New York, 1920), p. 60.
16. Baptismal Register, St. Timothy's Episcopal Church, Catonsville, Maryland.
17. *The Journal of Benjamin Moran*, Vol. II (University of Chicago Press, 1949), edited by Sarah Agnes Wallace & Frances Elma Gillespie, p. 1017. The diarist does not actually name the Booth brother described, but the evidence is overwhelming that he was indeed Joseph.
18. *Baltimore Sunday American*, July 12, 1896.
19. Published with permission of the Princeton University Library.
20. Published with permission of Richard H. Siegel, Richard H. Siegel Collection, New York.
21. Mrs. Booth doubtless copied this figure as to losses on the Union side from the front page of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* of June 9, 1862.
22. Published with permission of The Players Club.
23. Telephone conversation with Post Office Department in Washington disclosed that, in the early 1860s, the Blockley office was in Philadelphia County.
24. Published with permission of The Players Club.
25. Thanks to Jeannine Clarke for having located this most important letter at The Players Club (with whose permission it is published).

26. Record Group 109, War Dept. Collection of Confederate Records, *Union Provost Marshal's File of One-Name Papers Relating to Citizens* (National Archives microfilm publication M-345), "Booth, Joseph Adrian." (There is no documentation backing up the thought that Joe's leaving San Francisco was occasioned by Lee's surrender on April 9 and the foreseeable end of the Federal draft; but that would certainly not be an illogical assumption. Joe's draft status, like John Wilkes's, is something that is not mentioned in any book or periodical so far encountered.)

27. *Idem.*

28. *Philadelphia Inquirer*, April 19, 1865. Reprinted in *A Second Treasury of the World's Great Letters* (New York, 1941), pp. 455-460.

29. Record Group 109, War Dept. Collection of Confederate Records. (There is no indication that statements made at this interrogation were given under oath.)

30. Joseph Booth, born on February 8, 1840, was 25 on May 12, 1865. His assertion that he was 23 is baffling.

31. Michael W. Kauffman, *Booth, Republicanism, and the Lincoln Assassination* (Unpublished Special Scholars Thesis, University of Virginia, 1980), pp. 14, 15. According to this fresh, original, and well-documented thesis, the disruptive appearances in Baltimore and Bel Air of Junius Brutus Booth's legal "Belgium wife", prior to her divorcing him the year before his death in 1852, created a scandal affecting the entire Booth family. Not only did these incidents denigrate the character of the Booth children's mother, they also seriously questioned the legitimacy of the Booth children.

32. Richard Moody, *Edwin Forrest, First Star of the American Stage* (New York, 1960), p. 351.

33. Clarke, *The Unlocked Book*, p. 135. But with regard to Junius's neutrality see also *Magazine of History* (February 1906), pp. 117-118, "Lincoln and Booth—a Late Discovery," reporting that a prompt-book of Junius shows notations in his handwriting holding Lincoln, Seward, et al., up to ridicule. (Kimmel's footnote 12 on p. 348 of the *Mad Booths* characterizes the *Magazine of History* report a mistake—for reasons that are completely irrelevant.)

34. Published with permission of The Players Club.

35. Kimmel, *The Mad Booths*, two unnumbered pages following p. 38.

36. *Idem*, p. 277 (first full paragraph).

37. *Baltimore American & Commercial Advertiser*, August 14, 1884. See also *Baltimore Sun*, August 13 and 14, 1884. According to Marriage Register No. HD/13379-82, Marriage License Bureau, Borough of Manhattan, Joseph Adrian Booth and Cecelia L. Hatfield were married in New York City June 28, 1882.

38. The brother-in-law's surname was doubtless *Ti-* money: a legal proceeding shortly to be mentioned was instituted by Mrs. Booth's sister, Mrs. Geraldine Josephine Timoney.

39. Letter of September 21, 1954, from Superintendent E. E. Dove to Dr. Richard Dyer Mudd, copy of which has been provided by Dr. Mudd.

40. Copies of 1884 documents appointing Joseph A. Booth Administrator of Cecilia Booth's estate, and of the Inventory of her effects, were obtained by author from Office of the Surrogate, Freehold, New Jersey.

41. *New York Herald*, January 25, 1887, p. 9, "Mrs. Booth's Unique Will." Thanks to Roger D. Hunt for supplying this extraordinary information.

42. Unsigned letter, July 18, 1980, from Monmouth County, New Jersey, Surrogate's Office, Docket No. 3206, confirms "There was no will"

43. A lengthy, undated article titled "Marriage of Dr. Booth" was copied into another undated (and unidentified) newspaper from *The Edenton (N.C.) Fisherman and Farmer*.

44. Ella V. Mahoney, *Sketches of Tudor Hall and the Booth Family* (Baltimore, 1925).

45. Death date on Cora Booth's gravestone in Green Mount Cemetery is March 4, 1936.

46. Certificate from New Jersey State Registrar of Vital Statistics dated October 6, 1980, recites that original records and all appropriate indexes were carefully searched and no record found of the death of Edwin Thomas Booth during October 1895. According to the records at Green Mount the child's body was "Removed from Long Branch, N.J., with the burial taking place at Green Mount on October 26, 1895."

47. Copy of will admitted to probate on November 28, 1902, was provided through kindness of Michael W. Kauffman.

48. The cottage on Ocean Avenue, a few buildings south of Pavilion Avenue, was located, visited, and photographed by Arthur F. Loux in June 1980, at which time it was being extensively renovated.

49. Appended to the probated will of Joseph A. Booth is a two-page document dated November 28, 1902, indicating that Sydney and Junius Booth in open court had withdrawn their objection to probate. (Sydney and Junius were the sons of Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., who died in 1883.)

50. The certificate of ownership for two contiguous lots was issued to Mrs. Mary Ann Booth on June 13, 1869, upon payment of \$250. (Two weeks later her son John Wilkes was buried close to the obelisk in the center of the two lots.) The perpetual care certificate was issued on May 25, 1874, to Edwin Booth in acknowledgment of payment of \$200.

51. For a photograph of the gold cane-head and ring "owned by Dr. J. A. Booth" (labeled "Souvenirs of John Booth") see Bryan's *The Great American Myth*, p. 372.

"The Pet of the Confederacy" Still? Fresh Findings about Belle Boyd

CURTIS CARROLL DAVIS

1856-1860 She attends Mount Washington Female College (later Mount Saint Agnes), in Baltimore.¹

1862-1863 Federal authorities conduct her from (West) Virginia as a suspected Confederate spy to Maryland and place her under arrest at the Eutaw House, in Baltimore (which she finds "Confederate to its heart's core"). Somewhat later she is caught reading that prohibited Rebel paper, the Baltimore *Maryland News Sheet*.

1870 For cure from a mental breakdown she enters Mount Hope Retreat (later the Seton Psychiatric Institute), in Pikesville.

1877-1878 She resides in Baltimore with her second husband, John S. Hammond, and their daughter Marie Isabelle ("Belle," Jr.) is born here. A prominent friend is the ex-Confederate cavalryman, Col. Harry Gilmor, now on the Board of Police Commissioners, who recalls her cordially in his *Four Years in the Saddle* (1866).

1882 An Austin, Texas, newspaper reports that she is living in a garret in Baltimore, eking out a living as a seamstress.

1894 She pays a social visit to Baltimore and takes a boat excursion up the Chester River on the Eastern Shore.

1910 A hunting-watch presented by her to a kindly Union sentry during her incarceration in Old Capitol Prison, Washington, goes on public exhibition at the Grand Army of the Republic club on N. Greene Street, Baltimore.

JUST WHO WAS THIS CONTROVERSIAL, intermittent visitor to the Old Line State? She was precisely what one authority has labelled her, "the most famous feminine spy of all" during the War Between the States.² Latter-day vestiges of that fame—to cite, at the moment, only two—occurred in 1952, when a motor cruiser on the Wisconsin River was named for her, and in 1962, when the city of Martinsburg, West Virginia, issued a commemorative coin in her honor. But was this damsel—who, down the decades, has attracted a whole bouquet of ep-

ithets ranging from "Amazon of Secession" through "Mona Lisa" to "Lady Gay Spanker"—was she in truth the Saint Joan on horseback of the Confederacy or just "a circus rider"? Did her renown reflect a personality of substance, or did she function mainly as a kind of stage hand laboring to cloak a grimy melodrama with glamor?

Before elaborating on that dichotomy, and what it has to say about the broader proposition of the enigma of "fame," let us pause to readjust a fundamental item from her earliest days as that has been put forward in her memoirs, *Belle Boyd in Camp and Prison*. This volume, composed with the close collaboration of the English jour-

Dr. Davis, of Baltimore, writes and reviews regularly in the fields of intelligence and espionage.

nalist George Augustus Sala, was released at London in May, 1865, and at New York City in July of the same year. In the book's second paragraph the authoress advises her readers that "there is . . . no prettier or more peaceful little village than Martinsburg, where I was born in 1844." Now, the propensity of memoirists or their survivors to perpetuate unwitting errors is well established. The South Carolina poet Henry Timrod, for example, first saw the light of day in a different year from that recorded on his tombstone, and the splendid monument to Francis Scott Key at Eutaw Place in Baltimore is equally erroneous. So one wonders if Belle ever came to know that she was born, not in Martinsburg but south thereof, at what may be the oldest white settlement in West Virginia, the hamlet of Bunker Hill?

This fact, all subsequent verdicts or historical markers notwithstanding, emerges quite incidentally from a pretty good source: the long-time Boyd family acquaintance, and crony of President Lincoln, lawyer Ward Hill Lamon. Big, handsome Hill Lamon (pronounced "Iemmun") was himself born near Bunker Hill and was a Boyd kin, but unlike them a Unionist. When Belle was arrested as a spy by the Federals at Front Royal in July, 1862, Lamon—by this time Lincoln's appointee as the marshal of Washington City—recorded the event in his diary:

. . . the famous woman spy, Belle Boyd, (whom the humble author of these pages well knew and who was at her respected father's house (Benj. F. [sic] Boyd) at Bunker Hill, in Berkley [sic] County, Va., on the night of her birth) was arrested and sent to Washington and was afterwards released at the instance of the writer through the instigation of friendship for her father and family, induced by early association.³

Some time after Belle's birth the head of the family, Benjamin Reed Boyd (1817-1863), an estate manager and general-store proprietor,⁴ resettled them all at Martinsburg. There they lived at first in a little house on E. Burke Street which Belle mentions in her memoirs (and which stood until 1957), but ere long removed to another dwelling at the southwest corner of S.

Queen and W. South Streets, which stood until the very early years of this century⁵ and which the family was occupying during some, if not all, of the Civil War period.

It was not to this, but to an earlier address still, that a reminiscence of Belle's earliest days pertains. It hails from the memory of a girl chum—well, let's say an acquaintance—named Ann Elizabeth Ridgle, of Martinsburg, some five years Belle's senior. The year is approximately 1853, and the pair were among the pupils at a school established by a Miss Haven, a teacher out of Brattleboro, Vermont. "One of the pupils at . . . Miss Haven's," Ann Elizabeth recollects,

was the afterwards notorious Confederate spy—Belle Boyd [sic]. She was then eleven years and a perfect scalawag, never would obey a rule. I can see Miss Haven now—with her Dunkard-bonnet on following Belle Boyd and *her desk* home so as to be sure she was expelled from her school. She wasn't satisfied until she had seen the colored man deposit the desk at the Boyd's house.⁶

This incipient scalawaggery—dare one say, independence of spirit?—prepares one for what might be termed perhaps the earliest Military Bulletin featuring our heroine. The year is 1861, and the war has come to western Virginia. On June 3 Union forces defeated the Rebels at Philippi, on June 11 the loyalist convention at Wheeling split the Old Dominion into two factions, and on July 4 or thereabouts at Martinsburg Belle Boyd struck her personal blow against the invader. With her very own pistol she claims she slew a Federal trooper for abusing her mother.⁷ There is no disputing she shot at him, whether or no he expired;⁸ so the episode lends a substance stronger than rhetoric to the closing sentence in the epistle just below. The missive, penned in Belle's typically difficult script, follows upon a short visit that mother and daughter had paid to the Confederate encampment at Manassas in order to visit Benjamin Boyd, who, in a gesture of *noblesse oblige* practiced by many males of gentry status, had enlisted as a common soldier (in the 2nd Regiment, Virginia Volunteer Infantry):

BELLE BOYD TO BRIG. GEN. MILLEDGE
LUKE BONHAM, C.S.A.

Winchester Va
Oct 26th / 61
Saturday Morn

"Ma chere" General.

Pardon impertinence my daring to trouble you with this letter. I think I shall have to accept the position on your "Staff" you so kindly offered me. Poor exile I am. I got home on Wednesday Eve & Friday Morning had to move, without one *particle* of *baggage* no clothes except what I had on. When I left [.] the "Yankee Cavalry" mustering 186 with 1300 "Infantry" were in sight of town I gave one look with my "Opera Glass" & then left town rather rapidly I heard they had sent back for reinforcements before entering town The militia about 4000 in number with a few pieces of "Artillery" are determined, to fight before they will retreat. I have heard no news from them this morn Do you not *pity* me? I have no home. Often I feel as tho I cannot stand it No mental depression is so great You know my Pa is in the "Southern Army" My Ma in Martinsburg & all my property on the border & I have to *fly* around the country for safety. I shall leave here today and go to my Uncles⁹ in "Front Royal" Va so that if there is a fight at Centerville¹⁰ I can go down there. General, there ought to be stricter orders in regard to persons passing in & out of our lines; there was a man from Baltimore named Woodside,¹¹ who was in our lines last week, and I since learn has gone back to B. & reported to the "Yankees" all he could. We cannot trust scarcely our best friends now. Too many persons of questionable character visit our Army & it *must be stopped*. I heard you had been wounded, is it true? I sincerely [sic] hope not. Do not let the friends of ["] La filie la Armee"¹² forget her, Goodbye Please send me a pistol to kill a "Yank" with.

Very respectfully & sincerely,
Your little friend
BELLE BOYD

[marginalia] I beg you to excuse this horrid scrawl, & let the state my mind is in suffice for an apology¹³

Reading through the lines of this episode—the earliest known letter from Belle's pen—it is intriguing to take note of certain qualities that will characterize her for years to come. Basic is the over-all sheen of

heedless bravado: a yen to report the latest rumor, an itch to get into the action at Centerville, the compulsion to instruct a future governor of South Carolina (with whom she would seem to be upon a personal footing) on matters of field security! There is the thirst for individual recognition. There is the tone of lofty self-pity coupled with that outsize signature which could give pause to a psychiatrist. Little does she dream that "mental depression" will one day hospitalize her. And why *must* she "have to *fly* around the country for safety"? Is she already down in the enemy's book as a trouble-maker?

Whether the girl wangled her pistol from General Bonham is unknown, but she did snare an appointment as an honorary aide-de-camp. Earlier this same month another pulsating belle, Antonia J. Ford of Fairfax (whom our Belle mentions favorably in her memoirs), had been the recipient of such a gallantry from Major General J. E. B. Stuart.¹⁴ Belle Boyd did not acquire hers until the winter of 1862-1863, but when it came, it made her a captain and emanated from the headquarters of no less a luminary than Major General Thomas Jonathan ("Stonewall") Jackson.

As of this winter of 1861-1862 Belle's status was sized up in more than average detail by a wounded Georgia trooper, Sergeant Walter Clark, writing as of March 1, 1862. Jackson had evacuated Winchester, ordering all convalescent personnel to be removed as well. Obtaining the proper pass, Clark took his seat "in the hack to Strasburg. There were nine passengers and among them was Belle Boyd, the Confederate Spy.

To protect myself from the chilly air during the stage ride I was wearing a woollen visor knitted for my brother by Miss Lucy Meredithe, of Winchester, and covering my head and throat, leaving only my eyes exposed. With a woman's instinct she saw that I was too weak to sit up and arranged to give me possession of an entire seat, improvised a pillow of a red scarf she was wearing on her shoulders and in every way possible contributed to my ease and comfort. On reaching Strasburg she aided my brother in getting me into the hotel, arranged a lounge in the parlor for me, brought me my supper

and entertained me during the meal, refusing to eat anything herself until I had finished. After supper she sat by me and talked to me for an hour, and then, thinking I was weary, she moved the lamp in a corner of the room shading it from my eyes with her scarf, so that I might sleep. After all these years my memory retains some incidents of that conversation. I remember that she told me something of her child life; that when a little girl she had been a member of Dave Strother's party in his tour through Virginia, which he described so charmingly in the early numbers of Harper's Magazine over the nom de plume of "Porte Crayon;" that Gen. Lander,¹⁵ who commanded the Federal troops, that we had driven from Bath into Maryland, was an old sweetheart of her's; that Dave Strother was a member of his staff, and she intended to cut his acquaintance.

I remember that she said further that she had been hurt by a remark made to her that day by a soldier about the seeming boldness [*i.e.*, provocativeness] of Virginia girls; that soldiers mistook kindness and the expression of a desire to serve them for boldness; that she intended coming to Georgia after the war to get married. She left on the next train for her destination, and I saw her no more. She had impressed me as one of the kindest and gentlest of women and yet a year or two later she forded the Potomac alone in a storm at midnight to carry important information to her brother¹⁶ in Stuart's cavalry. Perhaps with woman as well as man

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."¹⁷

If necessity had required it, I believe she would have led the charge of Pickett's Division at Gettysburg without a tremor. * * * Some of her methods as a spy subjected her to harsh and hostile criticism, but in grateful memory of her kindness to one, who was only a private soldier, without rank or social prestige, one who had no claim upon her service save that in an humble way he had tried to serve the cause she loved and in that service had grown sick and helpless, her name has never passed my lips except in tones of fervent gratitude and reverent respect.¹⁸

As to the Martinsburg-born artist, David H. Strother—despite the popularity he'd reaped from his travel volume, *Virginia Illustrated*. . . (1857)—Belle could only view him as a turncoat from their "country." But by this juncture she had also

made the acquaintance, "at my own home in Martinsburg," of two legitimately pro-Union journalists. These were Paul Nicholson of the New York *World* and wide-ranging, twice wounded Theodore Davis, special artist for *Harper's Magazine*, who was touring the South in the spring of 1861 accompanied by William Henry Russell of the London *Times* and passing himself off to the locals as a reporter for the *London Illustrated News*.

At this early stage, too—in the spring of 1861 or 1862—we find Belle signing a calling-card. May it be construed thus early as the outcome of a celebrity's autograph session? In any event it reads as follows:

Kind regards to
Dr. Jackson
[flourish]
Miss Belle Boyd
Front Royal
Virginia
[up right margin]
Martinsburg
Virginia

Dr. Jackson? Has "Stonewall" acquired some form of honorary degree? No, what we have here is yet another Northerner. He was the physician and geologist Robert Montgomery Smith Jackson, surgeon of the 3rd Pennsylvania Volunteers (later the 11th Pennsylvania Regiment), founder of that renowned spa, the Allegheny Mountain Health Institute at Cresson, Pennsylvania, and author of its chronicle, *The Mountain* (Philadelphia, 1860), a widely perused volume lauded by such readers as Thoreau and Emerson. The surgeon's unit occupied Martinsburg in June, 1861, when Belle was performing hospital chores there. At the end of May, 1862, the outfit found itself at Front Royal, where the pair very probably met again. At either location the opening words of a sentiment Belle proceeded to scribble on the back of her calling-card may only be classified, at kindliest, as disingenuous: "No spy—only a lover of my Country & my Southern Cause for which I am willing to die at any time 'Liberty or Death' [flourish]."¹⁹

The obliteration of the Northern soldier was the first celebrity-plume in Belle's cap. It can be demonstrated, however, that during and after this period she was conducting

the following activities as well on behalf of her "country":

courier work
eavesdropping
hospital nursing
interrogation²⁰
locking up a New York
journalist
mail carrying
smuggling quinine
spying and surveillance

Now, many another Southern woman performed one or more of these services. Few if any, however, had celebrated the Fourth by demolishing a Yankee. (Notwithstanding, upon this coming Fourth of '82 Belle tells us that a Federal officer presented her with "a handsome pistol, with belt and equipments complete....") Nor had too many of them exposed their bodies to unfriendly fire between the lines. The occasion lending a second plume to Belle's head-dress was the engagement at Front Royal, Virginia, on May 23, 1862.

Belle had gathered reports as to Federal dispositions in the general area which indicated that the time for the Rebels to seize the strategic little town was now. Across the fields and over the fences she shot, in her dark-blue dress and white sunbonnet. Rifle balls from Union outposts picked at her gown; the repercussion from an artillery shell sent her flat. But she reached unscathed the Confederate forward elements overlooking the place, delivered her report, and the Butternuts took Front Royal. (In the process elements of the 1st Maryland Regiment, enrolled under opposing banners, shot each other up in a classic case of divided loyalties.) As it turned out, the information so valorously supplied merely *confirmed* what General Jackson already knew, but confirmation is an essential element of the science of Military Intelligence.²¹ Within hours the girl received a hasty note from Old Jack thanking her "for myself and for the army, for the immense service that you have rendered your country to-day." The table on which he is thought to have penned those words is still doing duty.²²

That cross-fields scamper at Front Royal proved to be the stage setting for Belle's emergence as a Confederate Personality

par excellence. The aura never abandoned her thereafter, and the date of its incipience can be fixed precisely: May 31, 1862. On that day Philadelphia perusers of the *Inquirer* found on page 4, and New York followers of the *Herald* found on page 1, an identical, lengthy account of the latest movements from the lower Valley of Virginia which included this sentence: "At the hotel in Front Royal on the night of the 18th, your correspondent saw an accomplished prostitute who had figured largely in the rebel cause. . . ." A bit further on this anonymous journalist, writing out of Williamsport, Maryland, named names. The woman was Belle Boyd. Citing as source a Union officer who had been in the engagement, he reported: "An hour previous to the attack...Belle went out on a rise of ground south of the town, and was seen to wave her handkerchief towards the point from which the centre of the attack was made." While the correspondent could not vouch for the total accuracy of all details in his dispatch, "undeniable proof exists here of her treason. Belle now reposes on her laurels in the rebel camp."

When the enemy retook Front Royal six days later, and picked up the traitress on suspicion, that jauntiness survived. Indeed, Belle magnified her aura by granting a lengthy interview to Nathaniel Paige, war correspondent for the New York *Daily Tribune*. When it was over, Paige came to the conclusion that, while the girl was certainly a provocator, and injudicious enough to mingle brashly with the ordinary troops, he could not go along with the judgment of his competitors on the *Herald* or *Inquirer* as to any looseness of character. "At her special request," indeed, he now put her denial on record. True, she had been "closeted four [for (?)] hours" with the Union commander, Brigadier General James Shields. Here in all conscience was a titillating point, if accurately reported, but an insider's observation thereon is also entitled to be heard. Captain J. B. Molyneaux, of the 7th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, saw the same episode in a much less scandalous light:

At Front Royal we captured the notorious Belle Boyd, who was suspected of being a confederate spy and I think the

suspicion was well founded. She was taken to Gen. Shields headquarters early in the morning before he had his breakfast. While he was quizzing her in the tent his man entered with his breakfast on a tray. There was no table in the tent and the only two camp stools were already occupied so the woman suggested that he place the tray on her lap, which he did and when he came out his face wore a very broad grin. When asked what he was laughing at, he replied, "Oh boys, yez ought to see the illegand legs Shields has to his table."²³

Another enemy officer, the acting adjutant of the 10th Maine Volunteers, speaking of civilian morale at Front Royal, had this to say:

They hate *war*, Yankees make war & therefore they hate them. You have heard or read of "*Belle Boyd*" a lady of considerable notoriety all over the valley. She is here making smiles at the officers who will look at her. She has been sadly represented by newspapers, but that she is a precious rogue I think no one questions though no one can prove it.

She slipped by our Regt's pickets at Winchester before the late skeedaddle & was also arrested [for having (?)] letters upon her. Col Fillebrown²⁴ is not going to let her leave the place again he says & by contriving to get the story to her that she is to be arrested, keep her constantly paying him visits & sending in [bou]quets & cherries.²⁵

Out of such an amalgam of opinion and speculation there has now blossomed what might be termed the *Belle Boyd Ambiance*. Its lushest expression uncovered to date is to be found in a certain anonymous newspaper feature—ostensibly a dispatch but in fact a melodrama in monologue that would not have disgraced the dime-novel list of Messers Beadle & Adams. It may fairly be labelled *Belle's* initial appearance in that area of belles-lettres assigned to prose fiction.

This unidentified, Southern-sympathizing item reposes, intriguingly enough, in one of the scrapbooks of that cocksure cavalier, General Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard. Did he himself clip it out and file it away? All we know is that *Belle* had first encountered the Louisiana paladin at Manassas in July, 1861, and that in May, 1863, she would be entertained by him at

dinner in Charleston. As for this in-between *jeu d'esprit*, we can only murmur, what a deprivation to her self-esteem if it never came to her attention!

Toward noon on the 23rd of May, a solitary female was wending her way to reach an eminence not far from Front Royal. She moved along hurriedly, and seemed anxious to avoid all observation.

She was young and beautiful, but fallen [unchaste].

The Federal officers found her installed at Strasburg, and she soon had crowds of them at her feet. She scoffed at the rebels, and vowed her never-dying love for the Union. They believed her, and in her fascinating way, she drew from them all the information as to military movements any of them chanced to possess.

"Fools," she would say, when alone; "sir officers, you are play things in the hands of *Belle Boyd*. You tell me everything, little thinking that it all goes to the rebel general. But you will have cause to know me better. Ha! Ha!"

With her raven ringlets, her piercing eyes, and her rose-tinted cheeks, she was truly beautiful. And then her splendid accomplishments, and her astonishing conversational powers. Few could resist her spell—few saw her but were led captive.

"The hour of vengeance is at hand," she muttered, as she moved across a field. "Today these boastful Yankees shall bite the dust. Shields is gone, and the small force remained [*sic*] will be swept away like chaff."

She pushed on with a more vigorous step. Her eyes flashed joyously, and she laughed aloud.

"How I hate these Yankees!" she said. "The insolent invaders—the foes of my dear South! Thank God I shall soon be under the bright folds of the Confederate flag! Ha! ha! This is a joyous day indeed!"

Presently she reached the eminence. She looked for a moment over the country, and then waved her pocket-handkerchief.

"Sons of the Sunny Land, behold the signal!" she cried.

Again and again she displayed the handkerchief.

After a time, firing was heard.

"They drive in the pickets!" she exclaimed, rubbing her hands with glee. "They are upon the villains! God be praised! But I must away."

When some of the lovers of Belle were retreating through Strasburg, they saw her at a window, pistol in hand.

"Go, cowards—go!" she cried. "Go and tell Abe Lincoln how Belle Boyd betrayed his army!"²⁶

Betrayed it she may have, but it was not wholly without resources. On Wednesday, July 30, 1862, at Winchester, it scooped her up. As a young captain of the 9th Vermont Regiment put the situation:

We searched some houses and found arms and ammunition. The most important capture made was that of the celebrated "*Belle Boyd*," the female spy. She used to enter Fremont's and Seigel's [sic] lines with perfect ease and impunity, whenever she wished, in spite of their efforts to the contrary. They say she is a wonderfully keen intriguer....

She was sent to Washington this morning, under strong guard.²⁷

Belle complacently claimed that this guard force totalled no less than "four hundred and fifty cavalry." Whatever the size, it proved adequate to get her to Federal City, where she was clapped into Old Capitol Prison (near today's Supreme Court building) and served her first incarceration there, July 31-August 29, 1862. She took the occasion, *inter alia*, to charm the inmate population with her renditions of "Maryland, My Maryland," and acquire a fiancé.²⁸ To the scandal of all good Unionists in Washington its marshal, Hill Lamon, was of a mind to wave at Belle whenever he chanced to pass her prison window.²⁹ No doubt his influence expedited her release.

On September 2, via the exchange steamer *Juanita*, Belle departed Federal City and next day was breathing the rarefied atmosphere of the capital of the Confederacy. There she put up first at rooms already prepared for her at the Ballard House, but presently removed to the boarding establishment run by Mrs. Louis T. Wigfall, wife of the Confederate senator from Texas, where she found "not a few of the notoriety of Richmond... assembled," including General Joseph E. Johnston (recuperating from wounds). It was probably at this time that the girl also encountered Lieutenant General Long-

street, "who... thought her masculine in her manners and appearance."

But other males did not. For example, Jeanie Deans of "Rosewell," Gloucester County, writing to her sister about the latest gossip from the capital, divulged the fact that a Gloucester cousin of theirs had had entirely too quiet a time on a recent visit. More specifically, Cousin Mag

had been much disappointed at not attending Cousin Euphan's party; she dressed and waited until 1 o'clock for George who was to have escorted her, but as he did not come she at last went to bed [,] so missing the only large party which took place while she was in the city. The only excuse that he could give was that he *forgot*; I suppose he was so taken up with Miss Belle Boyd that he could not think of his promise. I have heard that he is completely captivated by her, (you have heard of her through the news-papers) and scarcely speaks to Mary Roy. Isn't it all ridiculous?³⁰

About September 20 Ben Boyd travelled down to the city and escorted his daughter back home to Martinsburg. The terrible conflict at Antietam (Sharpsburg) had been fought three days earlier, and the town was once more in Confederate hands. As it turned out, Belle's idol, General Jackson, had set up his headquarters in a house adjoining the Boyds.³¹ Indeed, Blue and Gray alike, at this general period, tended to identify Martinsburg as the lair of Belle Boyd.³² Others recalled spontaneous kindnesses of hers—for two Winchester teenagers, "a carpet bag full of clothes when she ran the blockade";³³ for a teen-age Rebel soldier, the patent-leather gaiters off her own feet.

In more pervasive ways, too, Belle's name would be invoked as a standard of comparison. When, in the early hours of March 9, 1863, at Fairfax Court House, Brigadier General Edwin W. Stoughton, U.S.A., was snatched right out of his bed by Captain John S. Mosby and his guerrillas, one unforeseen sequela was to broadcast Belle Boyd's name in the columns of the *New York Times*. To that paper an outraged Vermont reader got off a lengthy epistle pointing out that part, at least, of the reasons for such "unfortunate incidents" could be pinpointed like this:

BELLE BOYDS and Misses FORDS have more to do with these [J.E.B.] Stuart raids than the Government is aware of. They are "rebel MAJORS" in disguise. They pass, unchallenged by our sentries. They mingle in our camps of officers. They are like Delilahs who betray our Samsons.³⁴

A New Orleans woman refugee at Richmond in the early spring of 1863 confessed that, while she had seen her share of vicissitudes, she was rather relishing the wartime atmosphere, even though "she couldn't be a *vivandière* as they had in French armies, or ride about from one line in male attire like Bell Boyd, or fight with a musket in a soldier's uniform, as some heroines were doing...."³⁵ A Southern officer participating in Lee's push into Maryland and Pennsylvania in June, 1863, upon being invited to take tea at the home of a Hagerstown miss, "found her to be a brave Belle Boyd in her words and acts."³⁶ During the course of his secret-service narrative (1867) the chief of the so-called National Detective Police, Lafayette Baker, quoted with approval this judgment on a woman involved in the Lincoln assassination:

"Treason never found a better agent than Mrs. Surratt. She was a large, masculine, self-possessed female, mistress of her house, and as lithe a rebel as Belle Boyd or Mrs. Greensborough [*sic*]. She had not the flippancy and menace of the first, nor the social power of the second; but the rebellion has found no fitter agent."³⁷

Celebrity or no, Belle was now picked up again at Martinsburg by the Federal authorities and, once again, incarcerated in Old Capitol Prison. Her stay on this occasion (in its Carroll annex) was three times as long, August 28–December 1, 1863. *Inter alia* she caught typhoid, draped the Stars & Bars out her cell window, and got off a pert, one-sentence note to President Lincoln, September 17, "begging that you will honor me with a call...." The superintendent of the institution, William Patrick Wood, no man to be bamboozled by femininity as such, came to the conclusion that

Belle Boyd, the rebel spy, was a resolute devil-may-care "spirited" maiden; she had the advantage of a fair boarding-school

education and was well up in the winning ways of such establishments. Miss Boyd regarded a desperate venture as a part of all enjoyable fun. During her stay at Carroll Prison she never appeared as a termagant or fault-finding scold; a common distemper which I supposed to be contagious with the average female prisoner.

And elsewhere Superintendent Wood asserted:

"Her face was not what would be called pretty—her features indicated firmness and daring, but her figure was perfect, and a splendid specimen of feminine health and vigor. She was a good talker, very persuasive, and the most persistent and enthusiastic Rebel who ever came under my charge. Her father sent her, from time to time, large sums of money, most of which was expended for the comfort of the Confederate prisoners in the Old Capitol."³⁸

In later days other Southern Prisoners would specify their Old Capitol season as featuring her.³⁹ And when she was released by Secretary of War Stanton, allegedly ordered photographed by him (*see illustration*), and banished south, it says something for the Belle Boyd Ambiance that she was provided by certain authorities (perhaps Allan Pinkerton) with the fee for Humphrey Marshall, the Richmond lawyer and Confederate brigadier general who had handled negotiations for the release of two Union spies in Confederate custody.⁴⁰

Despite a heroine's reception at Richmond, notably by Mrs. Admiral Semmes, Belle suffered a grievous blow at the news of Ben Boyd's death in Martinsburg on December 6, 1863, only a day or two after her arrival at the capital. Since she herself was ailing from her prison confinement, she embarked upon a convalescent tour—more accurately, a triumphal progress—through the Lower South as far as Mobile. On her return to Richmond in March, still prohibited by the Lincoln Administration from rejoining her mother at Martinsburg, she determined upon a European visit. Benjamin Boyd, it seems, "as proof of the devotion and indulgence a warm-hearted father had for a daring [darling?] daughter," had supplied her with monies for the trip.⁴¹ To this end Belle obtained an interview with



FIGURE 1. Belle Boyd, just out of prison?

Jefferson Davis. The Confederate president not only approved the project but designated her bearer of dispatches to Southern representatives abroad and saw to it that the government's Department of State al-

lotted her "five hundred—*Dollars* in gold, on a/c of my expenses. . . ."⁴²

Taking the cars to Wilmington, North Carolina, the girl boarded there a blockade runner called *Greyhound*, heavy-laden

with cotton, tobacco, and turpentine (not to mention one blooded stallion and a fighting cock). On May 8, 1864, the 280-ton three-master cast anchor and slipped down river to the open ocean. The vessel, of British registry and bound for Bermuda, was commanded by one "Captain George Henry," in fact a turncoat from the American navy, former lieutenant George H. Bier. There were five other passengers: an unidentified woman, like Belle accompanied by a black servant; a man named Newell; and the Virginia editor and historian Edward A. Pollard. Belle, who chose to camouflage herself as "Mrs. Lewis," could scarcely have envisaged this phase of her career as inaugurating a fresh glare for her current luster.

Scarcely had the *Greyhound* breasted the Atlantic swell than it was captured on the afternoon of May 10, some one hundred and nine miles southeast of Cape Fear, by the U.S.S. *Connecticut*, Commander John J. Almy.⁴³ The skipper placed Acting Ensign Samuel Harding, Jr.,⁴⁴ in charge of the trophy as prize-master; and the two vessels steamed northward, putting in at New York for the nights of May 16-17 and making berth at Boston on Thursday, May 19. What rendered this safari an item of public interest was later spelled out, by both captor and captive, in almost exactly the same year. Reminiscing upon "incidents of the blockade," now Rear Admiral Almy declared:

Love and matrimony once came in as an incident in the course of this blockade service. Sea-ports might be blockaded, but loving hearts never, though hard-hearted parents sometimes attempt it.

When the *Greyhound* was captured—vessel and cargo adjudged by the Prize Court to be worth about half a million dollars—among the passengers on board was the noted Belle Boyd, who had been a prisoner before, in the war, in the hands of Genl. [Benjamin F.] Butler, between whom there had been a considerable amount of "unpleasantness," which had made her somewhat famous by her general conduct, with her speeches and pertness....

The prize-master of the *Greyhound* was a young volunteer officer, with the rank of acting-master in the United States Navy—rather a good-looking fellow. It seems that

while on board of the *Greyhound* together he and Belle Boyd became greatly interested in each other, which ripened into affectionate friendship. After they separated at Boston, a fervent correspondence sprung up and was continued between them, and they became engaged. She fascinated the prize-master to that degree that he turned traitor.⁴⁵

The *femme fatale* herself put it this way, in a lengthy newspaper interview:

"When I was captured by the gunboat Connecticut Lieut. Samuel Harding was put in charge of us as prize master and ordered to Boston via New York. He was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He fell in love with me on the trip North and asked me to marry him. I said I would if he would agree to give me his signal book, covering every flag of the United States naval code, leave the navy, enter the service of the confederacy, and help the captain of the Greyhound to escape.

"My hand was the barter. He accepted the conditions and I received the signal book.

"Lieut. Harding's family was very influential and succeeded in preventing my going to prison. So I was paroled within the lines of the Tremont Hotel [Boston]. The captain of the Greyhound did escape.

"I hadn't been in the Tremont House a great while, however, before I discovered my captain as a guest of the hotel, having a room directly over my suite.

"We had to be awfully careful and it was great fun playing possum with the detectives who came to the house. We got a barber and changed the captain from a blonde to a brunette. One night he left for Canada, taking the signal book with him. He managed, by way of Bermuda, to get that book through to Charleston."⁴⁶

It was the brief New York stop-over that would earn Belle the harshest, if somewhat belated, newspaper treatment to emerge from this stage of her career. In a lengthy and eye-catching feature article on page 2, the Washington *Daily National Republican* carried this headline: "A Naval Officer Seduced by the Notorious Female, Belle Boyd." The paper then went into an account of the female's background that is distinguished for picturesqueness and hyperbole—and reprinted in its entirety by

the New York *Evening Post*—and then zeroed in on the Knickerbocker episode as follows:

It subsequently turned out that while the Greyhound was lying in New York harbor, coaling, a small-boat came alongside in the night, *without the knowledge of Lieut. Hardinge*, and took off the rebel commander of the Greyhound, and that, when this was done, *Lieut. Hardinge and Belle Boyd were on shore spending the night.*⁴⁷

It is left to our imagination to reconstruct what ensued.

The Boston papers were less fevered. Three of them gave generous notice to Belle's arrival, sojourn, and departure for Canada. The *Post* called her "the somewhat famous rebel spy" and reported that her "deportment on ship-board is described by the officers as very lady-like." A few days later it declared: "Belle is good-looking, smart, and about 22."⁴⁸ On Monday, May 30, the United States Marshal for the Massachusetts District, John S. Keyes, put the somewhat famous spy, plus a servant, on the sleeping-car for Montreal. (Pollard was committed to Fort Warren, in Boston harbor, and Hardinge had departed for Washington to report to the Navy Department.)

Belle's sojourn in Montreal, with a side trip to view Niagara Falls from the Canadian shore, was stimulating for her. What matter if her movements were regularly dogged by Federal detectives? Did she not carry "a small but sufficiently persuasive revolver pistol in her skirt belt. . ."?⁴⁹ The *Daily Transcript* reminded its subscribers that "the name of this lady is familiar to our readers through the telegraphic reports from the South, in which her exploits as a secret agent of the Confederates have so frequently been related."⁵⁰ It was not long ere

The Royal Artillery "swells" in Montreal—young men who do a heavy standing-around business—serenaded Belle Boyd. . . . Belle was up and dressed, made them a speech, and invited a chosen few to "a bottle of wine in the front parlor."⁵¹

On June 18 the toast of the swells sailed from Quebec aboard the *Damascus* and,

after putting in at Bermuda, attained the English shore at Liverpool on July 3, 1864.⁵²

Just as the three years now passed had marked Belle Boyd's "military" apogee, it may fairly be said that her two and a half years in Albion constituted the civilian high point of her career. She married, got her memoirs published, had her first child, and went on the stage. Of the earliest of these events, the wedding at Saint James' Church, Piccadilly, August 25, 1864, to Sam Hardinge—who had resigned from the American navy and followed her across the water—Belle declared: "It was quite a swell occasion, and made much of at the time in the English papers."⁵³ Also in at least one French paper and in American sheets as far distant as New Orleans.⁵⁴

Ex-lieutenant Hardinge was definitely in love with his bride, probably more so than she with him, since before sealing the vows Belle had checked out the groom politically with such maturer Southerners abroad as Henry Hotze. Nevertheless it was not long ere marital stress emerged. The new wife described it in a letter sent from London to her mother. The missive was intercepted in the Martinsburg area by Federal mail censors; so the recipient may never have perused it. In any event the pertinent portion reads as follows:

I have received marked attention in London, and on several occasions been flattered in person by the Prince of Wales [the future Edward VII]. My husband occasionally shows his annoyance because I receive the lion's share of attention from the nobility of England. He expressed his annoyance on more than one occasion by asserting that the Prince of Wales was not a proper person to bestow favors or flattery on an American lady. In short, my husband is jealous; I detest jealousy as the most despicable malady of human weakness; and on one occasion I lost my self-control and informed my husband that I made a sad mistake in marrying an enemy of the South. This declaration stung him perceptibly, and he preferred to serve our cause in any capacity I would suggest as an evidence of his personal devotion to me. I at once urged him to accept service with the Confederate states. He would not venture to the South by blockade runner, but starts for New York on the next steamer from Liverpool. From

New York he will go to Richmond by Martinsburg. For my sake I know you will treat him kindly. My husband desired to be informed if I could advise any special undertaking, which if successful would be a feather in his cap. I have impressed him with the suggestion that the capture of Colonel Wood of the Old Capitol, and the taking him alive to Richmond would make him famous with the Confederate authorities. He is maturing plans for this undertaking.⁵⁵

A plan, forsooth, to stir the embers of any Confederate hearth! Alas, since all intercepts making mention of Old Capitol Prison were routinely forwarded to its superintendent, the embers failed to burst into flame. Hardinge sailed from England in November, was promptly picked up in the Martinsburg area on December 2, and slapped forthwith into the edifice whose boss he had agreed to abduct. After a further stint of incarceration at Fort Delaware, our cavalier was released to civilian life and on February 8, 1865, sailed off for Great Britain to rejoin his wife. Their child, Grace, arrived in mid-year, but the father exited. From this point on Sam Hardinge disappears from Belle Boyd's story.

Probably in the latter half of 1866 Belle and her infant returned to the United States. It could be said that, in so doing, the mother was sailing away into an aftermath. While the rest of her life could scarcely be termed unremarkable, never again would it reach the heights of public notice, either for opprobrium or for praise, that it had by this juncture attained.

Until the early months of 1869 Belle earned a precarious living as an actress either on the legitimate stage or as a one-person disease proclaiming "The Perils of a Spy." As such she was seen in cities like St. Louis, New York, Washington, Cincinnati, Houston, Austin, and New Orleans. At the last-named stop she quit the boards and, on March 17, 1869, married John Swainston Hammond, an English immigrant who had fought for the Union in a Massachusetts regiment during the war and who was now on the road representing various business houses.

At this point Belle's health deteriorated, and the couple journeyed to California, presumably for her convalescence. There her

mind gave way, and she entered the State Insane Asylum at Stockton, east of San Francisco. There the couple's first-born, Arthur, put in a fleeting appearance about January, 1870, and there was buried.

By September of the same year Belle had recovered her normalcy; and until late 1884 she accompanied her husband on his commercial travels, touching cities as scattered as Utica, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Dallas. The Hammonds had three more offspring: the girls Byrd Swainston and Marie Isabelle ("Belle"), and a boy, John Edmond Swainston ("Eddie"). It would appear that, from time to time, their mother resumed her stage appearances. In 1875, for example, a South Carolina damsel whose father operated an entertainment hall at the State capital of Columbia heard from a friend to the following effect:

I had the pleasure of seeing "Miss Belle Boyd" "The Great Confederate Spy" today on train enroute to Spartanburg. Cant say she is handsome, for that would be untrue but I will say she was passable in a large crowd (where she could not be seen) I hear she intends lecturing at Spartanburg hope she will stop over here would like to hear her—⁵⁶

A few years later we hear from the Great Confederate Spy herself. She is addressing her onetime ultimate Commander in Chief, and the epistle must rank as one of the chattier from Belle's unprolific pen:

BELLE BOYD (HARDINGE) HAMMOND TO
JEFFERSON DAVIS

1914 NORTH 12th S^t
PHILADELPHIA [printed]
May 10 /82

Hon Jefferson Davis
My dear Mr. Davis.

A long long time has passed since I had the pleasure of meeting you from my Northern home.⁵⁷ I can look back thro the vista of years, in memory I see you at the head of our Government—I would so like to have a chat with you—I am not the merry light-hearted girl of "bellum" days but *I hope* a good wife & Mother. I have a dear good Husband & four *beautiful* little children—My Boy [Eddie] (the only one alive for I lost my eldest little boy when I was so ill years ago—he was named "Arthur Davis Lee Jackson" his little grave is in "Lone Mountain" San Francisco—⁵⁸ My

babie is only seven months old so that my *eldest* daughter [Grace] is in her teens another eight & the other four—My Boy a baby—I am *very* happy in my home & my Husband was a good soldier of the South, an Englishman by birth. Do you ever come to Philadelphia. I should feel *so honored* if you would call & see me. I frequently have a visit from our Ex Officers & their families—& you for whom I have always cherished such high regard & esteem, I should be so more than gratified to have for my friend. You know my only crime is—I was a *Rebel*. My heart was with my Country. I have laid a marble slab over the grave of past, & the epitaph is “En [sic] memoriam.”

Mr. Davis wont you write me one little kind line of remembrance? I have letters of Genls Lee, Jackson, Benjamin⁵⁹ & many others of *our* people. I have put them away as precious souveniers [sic] heirlooms for my children,—& may I have yours to put with them? Would I ask too much that you give me a Photograph—Now dear Mr Davis please fully appreciate the motive that prompts my letter. Remember me kindly to Mrs Davis, & with profoundest respect I am

Yours very truly
Marie Isabelle Hammond
née
Belle Boyd
of V^a⁶⁰

The most intriguing query to propound of this epistle is why Belle should have elected to tell the Father of Her “Country” such a whopping lie as that her husband, Hammond, the onetime Massachusetts trooper, had been “a good soldier of the South...”? Is there a throw-back, here, to her emotional disturbance of a dozen years past? There is no question that she was on the verge of experiencing what she would one day term “private sorrows which the world should not demand.”

They formed a nasty nest of tribulations indeed. For undisclosed reasons her first-born, Grace, became “dead to the family.” Next, the very summer of her missive to Jefferson Davis, the New York *Herald* broke the story about a Philadelphia housewife who had been successfully swindling groceries—a feat which one of the papers reprinting the dispatch asserted

showed “Belle Boyd, the Confederate Spy, in a New Role.”⁶¹ Then, in October, 1884, there was a shoot-out reported at the Hammonds’ residence in Dallas: Belle, ‘twas claimed, had twice discharged her pistol at an over-zealous suitor of Belle, Jr. Since that maiden was just six years of age, the details may be dismissed as journalistic embroidery; but it would appear that *something* had exploded in the Hammond ménage.⁶² And there was no ambivalence, on and following February 3, 1889, about Belle’s name becoming commingled in the public mind with that of Belle Starr. This flamboyant gunwoman and consort of outlaws had, on that date, taken a lethal load of buckshot in her backside, and the resultant newspaper confusion of the two Belles clung to our Belle till well after her own demise. And then there was that truly vexing episode down at Montgomery, Alabama, in the summer of 1898. A young eyewitness, even when grown into a respected jurist, could recall it well:

...one of the most interesting and historic figures that ever came to our home was, I think, Belle Boyd, the greatest and most useful woman spy that the Southern Confederacy ever had....

She came to our house in the Summer of 1896 and under pathetic circumstances, and though I was only a barefoot boy about eight years old at the time I recall her visit very distinctly and particularly do I recall the indignation of Confederate Montgomery at the treatment Belle Boyd (she was then Mrs. Nathaniel R. High) received while in Alabama.

...One day during that summer, he [my father, former Governor Thomas G. Jones] got word from the county jail that a lady who was a prisoner there, charged with the larceny of some towels from a hotel, wished to see him and engage him as her lawyer. My father at once called at the jail and learned that the lady who wished to see him was “Mrs. High.”

This “Mrs. High,” my father soon learned from talking with her, and from his recollection of having seen her two or three times when he was serving in the Valley of Virginia under Stonewall Jackson, was Belle Boyd, the famous woman spy of the Confederacy. Upon investigation my father found that she was held under a warrant issued by a Montgomery justice of the peace. It was sworn out by the proprietor

of a small hotel here, and charged Mrs. High with stealing about \$2.50 worth of napkins and towels from the hotel! The purpose of the prosecution was to force Mrs. High, by a criminal action, to pay a small hotel bill. She had paid the bill by a draft that had been given her in Montgomery, and had gone on to Talladega to deliver one of her lectures on the Southern Confederacy. She did not know that payment of the draft had been refused. She was arrested in Talladega on the Montgomery warrant and brought to the Montgomery County Jail where she was at the time of my father's visit.

My father at once signed Belle Boyd's bond, and she remained at our house until her trial next day. It turned out at the trial before the justice of the peace that the towels and napkins did not belong to the hotel, but were the personal property of Mrs. High and her daughters, and that she hadn't stolen anything from the hotel, although the hotel management had secured keys and searched all of her trunks. Of course Mrs. High was promptly acquitted of the charge.

The Confederate Veterans here in Montgomery, and there were several thousand of them living then, were so incensed at the arrest of Mrs. High (Belle Boyd) that they got up a benefit performance for her and at the conclusion of it presented her with a purse of money. Major Emmet Seibels, then a leading lawyer of the city, and during the War colonel of the Seventh South Carolina Regiment, C.S.A., . . . headed the committee of Confederate officers and soldiers that came to the rescue of Belle Boyd.⁶³

On November 1, 1884, Belle had divorced John S. Hammond at Dallas, Texas, not inamicably; she got custody of the three children. Less than six weeks later she there wedded a stock-company actor out of Toledo named Nathaniel Rue High, Jr., seventeen years her junior. Despite this disparity of ages, her third and final marriage seems to have been a happy one. (The most recent to emerge of her rare autographs reads, "Belle Boyd of V^a / Mrs. Nat. R. High."⁶⁴) But there was always the question of money, or its lack; and the problem was confronted by all parties embracing the theatrical life *en famille*. The star was Belle, of course, declaiming as *diseuse* upon that tried-and-true topic, "The Dark Days,



*Maryland Belle Boyd
Morris the Photo
110 W. Street
Pittsburgh*

FIGURE 2.

or Memories of the War,"—under whatever title, emphasizing espionage. Occasionally the girls would get into the act, which was expansible to include such side shows as Pickett's Charge.

After a début at Toledo in February 1886, for the rest of the Eighties the little troupe traipsed all over the landscape: Detroit, Davenport and Osage,⁶⁵ Iowa, Norfolk, the Valley of Virginia, West Virginia, and western Pennsylvania.⁶⁶ At Pittsburg, in the late Eighties or early Nineties, the star indulged herself with a cabinet photograph by the established local photographer Joseph G. Morris—an artifact that may be almost unique (*see illustration*).⁶⁷ Somehow it wound up, nobody knows when, as "an uncatalogued item in the collection of the National Park Service," of all places, and was most kindly bestowed upon the present writer by one of that service's officials.⁶⁸

The Nineties saw Belle and Company testing southern audiences once more—Atlanta, Georgia, and Montgomery, Alabama (with exasperating results). There was also a tour of Nat's home State of Ohio and, it

would seem, a foray up into Massachusetts.⁶⁹ The spring of 1900 found the two chief actors at the little city of Evansville in southern Wisconsin. Here Belle described their circumstances in a letter to Belle, Jr., on May 21:

This is a lovely town near lakes—I have taken a lovely flat here, \$8.00 per month, 7 rooms and bath, and have furnished it. — And I can go out from here and work all summer— I don't play again until Friday. I am [under the] Dr.'s care. I was in bad shape, but I feel better and think he'll do me lots of good. — You know, darling, what it means in Chicago to hustle, don't you?

— Now, how are you off for money?

She advised her daughter to learn the millinery trade, and concluded, "God bless you. Fondly and Faithfully, Your Mama."⁷⁰

Presently the Highs journeyed north to the resort town of Kilbourn, now Wisconsin Dells, for engagements in the area. The clerk at the Hile House there thought she looked regal but sickly. Both of them, indeed, "appeared in dire straits. . . . Miss Boyd and Mr. High's clothes were old, out-of-fashion, and threadbare." On Monday evening, June 11, 1900, a heart attack took her, one month past age fifty-six (but looking nearer forty). Under her pillow Nat found a pistol, which only the day before she had told the hotel housekeeper was "my best protection." Withdrawing it, Nat muttered, tears in his eyes, "My poor Belle! You won't need this any more. Nobody can hurt you now—ever."

They buried her, with some circumstance, in the local cemetery of Spring Grove, where she still lies. It was a year before the Women's Relief Corps of the Dells found itself in a position to put up a simple board marker. (In 1981 the deceased's mere signature brought \$525 on the auction market.⁷¹)

Such obscurity was purely local. In a variety of ways the name of Belle Boyd has remained before a wider public. When William P. Wood, former superintendent of Old Capitol Prison at Washington, died in 1903, his obituary in a New York newspaper made a point of stating that she had been among his wards.⁷² An effort in 1929 by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to rescue Belle's remains from their northern

embrace and inter them in the more hallowed soil of the Old Dominion reaped national publicity,⁷³ and although the project languished, a chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Austin, Texas, was named for her in 1961.⁷⁴ In 1940 Belle rated mention in the Virginia volume of the American Guide Series to the States (featuring a wondrous war-story indeed).⁷⁵ In 1963 hers was the only photograph of Berkeley County women to appear in the local centennial booklet.⁷⁶ In 1969 the Texas Historical Commission erected a marker to her in Old City Park, Dallas, near her homesite of the early 1880s. During the period 1957–1971 no less than six children's books revived her name, one of them devoted entirely to her.⁷⁷ In 1978 she gained entry to a scholarly compendium of "American Military Biographies."⁷⁸ In the early Eighties a prominent magazine popularizing American history, and two authoritative secondary-school textbooks, carried her likeness in Confederate stage uniform.⁷⁹ It remained, however, for the year 1980 to produce the most dashing present-day tribute of all: in October, in her native Berkeley County, the musical comedy *Belle* celebrated yet again a onetime stage personality's Civil War exploits.⁸⁰

To revert, now, to the query posed at the outset of this essay: was Belle Boyd, *vis à vis* the Confederacy, an authentic Saint Joan on horseback, or was she just "a circus rider"? Evaluating the sweep of data that have been provided here, it would seem justified to go on record as follows. . . .

Belle Boyd was not just the panting, adolescent collector of uniform buttons or distributor of combat kisses. Nor was she the mere heedless pistoleer (though that weapon threads through her story). The range of her services to her "country" were, at their least, heart-given and, at their best, positive and valuable—perhaps more within the moral sphere than in the material. Fondled but also maltreated by Dame Fortune, exalted but also abased by her personal psyche, is it too much to claim that our concept of Miss Belle Boyd, conceived in the Goethean sense of *ewiges Werdende*, might be visualized as the embodiment of human *striving*? And is that not one of the nobler components of man's nature? The fact that she strove for a cause

that lost itself in the morass of events only makes her effort the more beguiling. For in her heart of hearts that scintillating High Noon of the Confederate States never passed beyond its zenith.

REFERENCES

1. From the Introduction, "The Pet of the Confederacy," by Curtis Carroll Davis, ed., *Belle Boyd in Camp and Prison* (New York and London [1968], pp. 119–120. Hereinafter any otherwise unattributed citations may be assumed to derive from this source (cited as *B.B. in Camp and Prison*), where they may be found annotated and indexed. Fresh findings are annotated herewith.
B.B.'s dates are 9 May 1843 (1844?)-11 June 1900. In her memoirs, p. 117, in the same sentence in which she gives her birthplace as Martinsburg, she states she was born in 1844. Yet in a letter to the Union Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, 8 Aug. 1863, from Old Capitol Prison, she calls herself "a young lady of nineteen...."
2. Bell I. Wiley, *Embattled Confederates: An Illustrious History of Southerners at War* (New York and elsewhere [1964]), p. 165. Reiterated in his *Confederate Women* (Westport, Conn. [1975]), p. 143. A similar specialist notes how "Confederate press and society" gave homage to selected "extraordinary women" such as B.B. See Emory Thomas, *The Confederate Nation: 1861-1865* (New York and elsewhere [1979]), p. 226.
3. W. H. Lamon, 1 Aug. 1862, in Lamon Papers (p. 245), in Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif. See also Lavern M. Hamand, "Ward Hill Lamon, Lincoln's 'Particular Friend,'" (Ph.D. diss., University of Illinois, 1949), p. 284 and n., *et passim*.
4. In 1980 a crystal compote allegedly purchased in the 1840s at Benjamin Boyd's general store at Bunker Hill was donated to the Warren Rifles Confederate Museum at Front Royal by the Berkeley County Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. Dewey Wood, Front Royal, Va., 31 Jan. 1981, to C.C.D.
5. Hon. Gray Silver, Jr., Martinsburg, West Va., 30 Aug. 1971, to C.C.D. Judge Silver, born and reared at the S. Queen Street property, advises that the house "in which Belle Boyd and her family lived was located in what is now my front yard and much closer to Queen Street than my residence...."
6. Mrs. Ann Elizabeth (Riddle) Stribling, note-book reminiscences. Typed transcript, 1966, by grandson Cornelius Stribling Snodgrass, of "Sylvan Grove," Berkeley County, West Va., to whom C.C.D. is most grateful. Ann Elizabeth concluded her jottings about the Boyd family as follows: "They lived then on the corner of Burke and Spring Streets, her father, Ben Boyde, afterwards building a home on the corner of Race and Spring...."
7. Mrs. Mary Rebecca (Glenn) Boyd, d. 1880 aged ca. 54, at Charles Town, West Va.
8. Mrs. Laetitia Blakemore, of near Front Royal, Va., recorded in her diary, 24 July 1861, that B.B. "was the Lady who shot at [sic] a Yankee...." A Confederate trooper in after years reminisced that "a Federal soldier attempted to place a Union flag over the door of her home and she persuaded him to desist by the use of a leaden argument from her pistol. Another attempt to remove a Confederate flag that waved over the mantel in her parlor met with a similar counter-irritant, and she was molested no further. Fortunately or unfortunately as the case may be, neither of her shots hit their mark." See Walter A. Clark, *Under the Stars and Bars, or, Memories of Four Years Service with the Oglethorpes of Augusta, Georgia* (Augusta, Ga., 1900), pp. 51–52.
9. James Erskine Stewart, sometime lawyer and State legislator, who with his wife, Frances Elizabeth (Glenn) Stewart, B.B.'s maternal aunt, was operating the Strickler House at Front Royal. In her memoirs, p. 138, B.B. recalls Front Royal as a "picturesque village, which nestles in the bosom of the surrounding mountains, and reminds one of a young bird in its nest."
10. In its general vicinity were fought the two Confederate victories of Bull Run—21 July 1861 and 30 Aug. 1862.
11. Perhaps James S. Woodside, member of a Baltimore-based law-enforcement unit. See Issac F. Nicholson, "The Maryland Guard Battalion," *Maryland Historical Magazine* 6 (June, 1911): 129.
12. In later years a chum of B.B.'s at their finishing-school, the then Mount Washington Female College near Baltimore, Mrs. John H. Tegmeyer (née Staub, of Martinsburg), recalled that B.B. had command (!) of several languages. For years the tradition persisted of B. B.'s having used a diamond ring to scratch her initials on a window pane of the Octagonal Building there. See Mrs. Christine V. Sullivan, "I Remember . . .," Baltimore, Md., *Sunday Sun Magazine*, 19 Nov. 1978 (p. 30).
13. B. B., autograph letter signed, 4 pp., in M. L. Bonham Papers, South Caroliniana Library, University of South Carolina, Columbia. Attached is a slip of paper commencing some Special Order from "Hdqs. 1st Brigade"; on verso is scribbled, "From Miss Bell Boyd, asking to be appointed on staff!" C.C.D.'s thanks to Allen H. Stokes, Manuscript Division, University of South Carolina library.
14. Awarded at "Camp Beverly," 7 Oct. 1861. Its text is given by Lafayette C. Baker, *History of the United States Secret Service* (Philadelphia, 1867), p. 172, and by John Esten Cooke, *Outlines from the Outpost*, ed. Richard B. Harwell (Chicago, 1961), p. 338.
15. Brig. Gen. of Volunteers Frederick W. Lander, from Massachusetts, died while on campaign in western Virginia in 1865. If he was in fact an "old sweetheart" of B.B.'s, it would be in despite of his wife, the English actress Jean Davenport, who was a stage favorite on both sides of the Atlantic for forty years. See Ezra W. Warner, *Generals in Gray: Lives of the Confederate Commanders* ([Baton Rouge, La., 1959]), pp. 274–75.
16. B.B.'s two brothers, B. R. Boyd, Jr., and William,

both died in infancy, and this is the only known reference to a river fording. Elsewhere this source affirms that Benjamin Boyd was "a Major [!] in the Confederate army."

17. Concluding verses of "The Song of the Camp," by Bayard Taylor. See his *Poetical Works*, Household Edition (Boston, 1880), p. 88.
18. Clark, *Under the Stars and Bars...*, pp. 51-54, the author composing as of 1899.
19. The calling-card is illustrated in the earlier of two feature articles, basically identical, on Dr. Jackson and B.B. by George Swetnam (to whom C.C.D. is much indebted) in the Pittsburgh Press for Sunday, 26 Dec. 1954, and Sunday, 20 Oct. 1968. Original in the R. M. S. Jackson Papers, Pennsylvania State University library, State College, Pa. An identical "kind regards" to Dr. Jackson is pasted on the back of an unidentified newspaper likeness of B.B. in possession of Mrs Mary Hunter Swartz of Berkeley Springs, West Va.
20. "...assuming the calling of a colporteur, or tract distributor," B.B. quizzed the disguised Federal detective, Lafayette C. Baker, in a prison compound at Manassas Junction, Va., in July, 1861, according to his *History of the United States Secret Service*, p. 53. Facing is an artist's conception of B.B. handing out religious tracts.
21. See C.C.D., "The Civil War's Most Over-Rated Spy," *West Virginia History*, 27 (October, 1965): 1-9.
22. At "Riverside," home of Maj. James Richards at the forks of Shenandoah. Family tradition has it that Jackson bunked down on the porch and that the table was utilized for his breakfasting and for the writing of dispatches. Mrs. Julian Neville (Richards) Major, Riverton Va., 6 Mar., and Mrs. Harrison Richards, same place, 11 Mar. 1969, to C.C.D. See also Laura V. Hale, *Four Valiant Years in the Lower Shenandoah Valley, 1861-1865* (Strasburg, Va., 1968), pp. 150-51, with photograph of the table; and William H. Beach, *The First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, from April 19, 1861 to July 7, 1865* (New York, 1902), p. 288.
23. Molyneaux, "Remarks...at a Dinner...Cleveland, Ohio, April 2nd, 1913," typed transcript, pp. 10-11, in J. B. Molyneaux Papers, Perkins Library, Duke University, Durham, N. C.
24. Lt. Col. James S. Fillebrown, acting provost-marshal, 10th Maine Regt.
25. John Mead Gould, Front Royal, 23 June 1862, to Edward Gould, in J. M. Gould Papers, Perkins Library, Duke University. Correction conjectural; word obscured by sealing-wax.
26. Vol. 51: Scrapbook (1861-1864), p. 33, in Beauregard Papers, Manuscript Division, Library of Congress. For background see C.C.D., "Companions of Crisis: The Spy Memoir As a Social Document," *Civil War History*, 10 (December, 1964): 385-400.
27. See *Vermont General: The Unusual War Experiences of Edward Hastings Ripley, 1862-1865*, ed. Otto Eisenschiml (New York, 1960), p. 12.
28. One Lt. McVay. In a photo entitled "Mosby and a Group of Baltimore Guerrillas in 1865" one McVay (sic) sits on the viewer's extreme right. See John W. Munson, *Reminiscences of a Mosby Guerrilla* (New York, 1906), p. 174. A few years after B. B.'s death Colonel Mosby replied to an inquirer about her in terms "not flattering to the subject. He denied any acquaintance with such a person and pronounced her 'performance during the civil war to be as fictitious as those of Romulus and Remus.'" See *B.B. in Camp and Prison*, p. 377.
29. According to Lamon's daughter, Mrs. Dorothy Lamon Teillard, in Washington, D.C., as given in Hamand, "Ward Hill Lamon . . .," p. 284 and n.
30. Mary Virginia Deans to Anna Maria Dandridge (Deans) Smith, Mrs. Francis Williamson Smith, 4 Mar. [1863], in F. W. Smith Papers, Virginia Historical Society, Richmond. Noted in passing by [John M. Jennings], *An Occasional Bulletin* No. 29 (Oct., 1974), p. 9. "George" remains unidentified.
31. According to Brig. Gen. Thomas R. R. Cobb, of Georgia, in "Extracts from Letters to His Wife," 24 Sept. 1862, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, XXVIII (1900), 296.
32. See Pvt. J. C. Goolsby, "The Crenshaw Battery, Pegram's Battalion, Confederate States Artillery," as of 17 Sept. 1862, in *ibid.*, p. 348, and Beach *The First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry...* pp. 275-76, as of 4 Aug. 1863. Beach declared, "She had been engaged to a young captain in Jackson's corps. He had been killed in a skirmish and she 'vowed vengeance.'" As of 15 Oct. 1864, Capt. Robert E. Park, of the 12th Alabama, asserted that "the noted Belle Boyd lives here," in his "War Diary . . .," *Southern Historical Society Papers*, II (1876), 81-82. At that date B.B. was in fact in England.
33. Ca. June, 1862, for Emma Riely and Katie Gordon. See Emma C. R. and Reuben C. Macon, *Reminiscences of the Civil War...* ([Cedar Rapids, Ia.], 1911), pp. 26-27.
34. *New York Times*, 14 Mar. 1863 (p. 2, col. 1).
35. [Napier Bartlett], *A Soldier's Story of the War...* (New Orleans, 1874), p. 174.
36. Park, "War Diary . . .," *Southern Historical Society Papers*, XXVI (1898), 12.
37. Baker, *History of the United States Secret Service*, p. 480. Attributed to an unidentified journalist covering the Booth affair and now a foreign correspondent for a leading New York daily.
38. Earlier excerpt from William P. Wood's variously captioned newspaper reminiscences in Washington, D.C., *Sunday Gazette*, 12 Dec 1886. Typed transcripts of missing originals furnished to C.C.D. through the courtesy of the Office of Public Affairs, United States Secret Service. Subsequent Wood quotation in James J. Williamson, *Prison Life in the Old Capitol, and Reminiscences of the Civil War* (West Orange, N. J., 1911), p. 52n.
39. Maj. C. C. Blacknall "fell into the hands of the enemy, was confined in the Old Capitol prison at Washington, at the time the Confederate spy, Miss Belle Boyd, was there," says H. C. Wall, "The Twenty-Third North Carolina Infantry," *Southern Historical Society Papers*, 25 (1897): 165. "On the same floor, near our room, the eccentric Miss Belle Boyd was recently imprisoned," wrote Capt. Park, the Alabaman, in his "War Diary . . .," *ibid.*, 2 (1876): 311. W. B. Allen of Greensboro, N. C.,

recalled that a certain group of Southern officer prisoners was entrained to Washington, there put in the Old Capitol, "and while there we were visited by Belle Boyd" (*Confederate Veteran*, 7 [July, 1899]: 323).

40. So affirmed by one of them, the Pinkerton detective Pryce Lewis, in his now missing memoirs, cited by Louis A. Sigaud, "Mrs. Greenhow and the Rebel Spy Ring," *Maryland Historical Magazine*, 41 (September, 1946): 196n. Her photo, allegedly by Alexander Gardner, is from the National Archives. One of Pinkerton's biographers ranks her among the more interesting, if not superior, spies the war threw up, and pairs her with nurse Emma Edmonds, "not quite the Belle Boyd of the North...." See Richard W. Rowan, *The Pinkertons: A Detective Dynasty* (Boston, 1931), p. 181.
41. According to William P. Wood, *Reminiscences*, Washington, D.C., *Sunday Gazette*, 28 Nov. 1886.
42. The receipt, signed by B.B. and dated Richmond, 28 Mar. 1864, is illustrated in autograph-dealer Charles Hamilton's *The Signature of America: A Fresh Look at Famous Handwriting* (New York and elsewhere [1979]), pp. 31-32.
43. Almy to Rear Admr. Samuel P. Lee, 10 May 1864, in *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies* (30 vols., Washington, D.C., 1894-1922), Series One, X, 43, and XXVII, 687. See also the detailed account, May 11, by an unidentified officer aboard the *Connecticut*, of the capture of those two "Anglo-rebel" blockaders, *Minnie* and *Greyhound*, as provided in the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, 21 May 1864 (2/3).
44. His acceptance of commission as Acting Master's Mate, 1 Nov. 1861, and as Acting Ensign, 28 June 1863, give his birth date as 11 June 1842. Navy Department Records, Record Group 45, National Archives, Washington, D.C. Later usually styled Samuel Wilde Hardinge, his journal comprises pp. 288-353 of *B.B. in Camp and Prison*. Son of Samuel and Sarah A. Harding, of Portsmouth, N.H., he died in Brooklyn, N.Y., 6 Mar. 1879, and was buried in Portsmouth. See *New York Times*, 8 Mar. 1879 (5/5). A physical description from the Washington, D.C., *Evening Star* is given in *B.B. in Camp and Prison*, p. 397.
45. Rear Admr. John J. Almy, U.S.N., *Incidents of the Blockade*, War Papers #9, Military Order of the Loyal Legion ([Washington, D.C. ?], 1892), pp. 8-9. C.C.D. has used the author's presentation copy of this pamphlet in the Library of Congress.
46. "Belle Boyd, the Famous Spy," unidentified twelve-paragraph newspaper feature, ca. 1892, in the collection of the late Rev. David H. Coblenz and now in possession of his daughter, Mrs. Susan Coblenz Lane, of Altavista, Va., to whom C.C.D. is much indebted.
47. Washington, D.C., *Daily National Republican*, 8 Sept. 1864 (2/5); reprinted as "Belle Boyd and Her Husband," *New York Evening Post*, 10 Sept. 1864 (2/3). Occasioning the dispatch was B.B.'s marriage in London on August 25.
48. *Boston Post*, 20 May (4/2) and 31 May (4/2), 1864, respectively. The *Boston Daily Courier*, 21 May 1864 (2/5), laid emphasis on "Captain Henry's" escape. Its issue for 30 May (2/3-4) noted B. B.'s departure for Canada, as did the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, 4 June 1864 (1/8).
49. So asserted the pro-Confederate *Kingston News*, 14 June, in a dispatch reprinted as "The Virginia Heroine," *Montreal Daily Transcript and Commercial Advertiser*, 16 June 1864 (2/6).
50. "Bell Boyd in Town," *Montreal Daily Transcript and Commercial Advertiser*, 2 June 1864 (2/5). A letter for one "B. Boyd" was still awaiting claim at the Montreal Post Office as of the 2 July issue (1/7) of the *Montreal Gazette*.
51. *Boston Post*, 28 June 1864 (2/2).
52. *Liverpool Mercury*, 4 July 1864 (p. 6). C.C.D.'s appreciation to Naomi Everts of the Liverpool Record Office.
53. "Belle Boyd, the Famous Spy," unidentified newspaper feature (cf. n. 46, above).
54. *Paris Moniteur Universelle* (issue unlocated; French text given in *B.B. in Camp and Prison*, pp. 284-85). Other titles are the *New York Herald*, 7 Sept. 1864 (1/1); "Marriage of the Notorious Belle Boyd," *Boston Daily Evening Transcript*, 8 Sept. 1864 (2/4); and *New Orleans Bee*, 19 Sept. 1864.
55. William P. Wood, reminiscences, in Washington, D.C., *Sunday Gazette*, 5 Dec. 1886. In *ibid*, 28 Nov. 1886, Wood tells of a New York girl, one Annie, who while a prisoner at Old Capitol in the summer of 1863 offered "to undertake in person the capture of Belle Boyd...."
56. "Joe," Limestone Springs, S.C., 2 July 1875, to "Dear Sister" (probably Ellen C. Janney), in Janney and Leaphart Family Correspondence, South Caroliniana Library, University of South Carolina.
57. Reference obscure. B.B.'s only other known letter to Davis was from London, 22 Sept. 1864 (excerpted in *B.B. in Camp and Prison*, p. 396).
58. Lone Mountain, later Laurel Hill, cemetery, since closed, occupied the present site of the University of San Francisco.
59. Judah P. Benjamin, briefly Confederate attorney-general and then chief of its War Department, was never in combat service.
60. B.B., autograph letter signed, 5 pp., to Davis at "Beauvoir," near Jackson, Miss., in Museum of the Confederacy, Richmond, Va.
61. The address provided, as of 29 Aug. 1882, is 1916 N. Twelfth Street, just two doors away from that given by B.B. in her letter to Jefferson Davis.
62. On Pocahontas Street, in the fashionable "Cedars" suburb. See Sam Acheson, "Belle Boyd Lived Here in 1880s," *Dallas Morning News*, 14 Oct. 1968.
63. Judge Walter B. Jones, "Stonewall Jackson's Trusted Spy" (Off the Bench), *Montgomery, Ala., Advertiser*, 3 Jan. 1938 (4/4-6). A later recollector of this episode (in *B.B. in Camp and Prison*, p. 32) advised that Judge Jones "often told" the story.
64. From the H. Stanton Hill Collection. Labelled "an extremely rare and highly prized signature" by Michael Reese II, comp., *Autographs of the Confederacy... A Reference Work for Autograph Collectors* (New York [1981]), p. 192.
65. B.B., autograph letter signed, Osage, Ia., to a Mr. Wilson, discussing a proposed visit. In the South

Carolina Confederate Relic Room and Museum, Columbia, the curator whereof has rejected repeated requests for permission to examine the document.

66. Lumber and oil man William Langdon, diary entry, 28 Mar. 1889: "Belle Boyd, the 'Rebel Spy,' lectured one night this week in opera house. Has been stopping at St. Elmo [Pa.] several days." See Robert H. Snyder, "A Flat Boat on Main street . . ." *Manuscripts*, XXII (Spring, 1970), 116.

67. Morris had his studios at 16 Sixth Street for the years 1884-1896, advises Ann M. Lloyd, librarian, Pennsylvania Division, Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, 21 Aug., 1978, to C.C.D. What may be another proof of the likeness was advertised for sale in *Manuscripts*, XXX (Winter, 1978), 83, but inquiry brought no response.

68. Lee A. Wallace, Jr., Arlington and Falls Church, Va., 10 Mar. 1969, and 7 Jan. 1981, respectively, to C.C.D., who herewith expresses his appreciation. A faded likeness in the Chicago Historical Society is reproduced and identified as B.B. by William C. Davis, *The Embattled Confederacy* (The Image of War, 1861-1865, III) (Garden City, N.Y., 1982), p. 368. "The trouble with it is," writes Davis to C.C.D. (no kin), Mechanicsburg, Pa., 27 Oct. 1982, "I am certain now that it is not her. . . . I now believe that this is another Confederate heroine, but cannot identify her." C.C.D. concurs.

69. B.B.'s maternal uncle, James William Glenn, in a letter from Shenandoah Junction, West Va., 7 Dec. 1895, to William J. McClelland, wrote in part: "My neice [sic] Bell Boyd when last heard from, was living in, or near Boston Mass. Her address at this season of the year I am unable to give you, as she is mostly on the wing, travelling." In the McClelland Genealogical Collection, G.5037, Box 2, Maryland Historical Society library, Baltimore.

70. B.B., autograph letter signed, 4½ pp., to Isabelle Hammond. From partial transcription in Robert K. Black autograph catalog #115 (Jan., 1968), Upper Montclair, N. J. What is in all probability B.B.'s last letter—from Kilbourne, Wisc., to both Belle, Jr., and Byrd at Chicago, 10 June 1900, the day before her death—is given in *B.B. in Camp and Prison*, p. 34.

71. Earl Moore, "Auction Trends," *Manuscripts*, XXXIV (Winter, 1982), 33.

72. New York *Evening Post*, 21 Mar. 1903 (5/4).

73. Typical are two lengthy, unidentified newspaper feature articles, probably from Kansas City periodicals and probably dating ca. March, 1929, one based on an article by Marion E. Usher in the *Washington Star* and the other on an article by Lee McCardell in the Baltimore *Sunpapers*, in the two-vol. Scrapbook of the John S. Marmaduke Chapter, U.D.C., in the Western Historical Manuscripts Collection, University of Missouri library, Columbia. C.C.D.'s thanks to Mrs. W. P. Kirkman, of Columbia, Mo.

74. Founder Mrs. Mabel Huckabee, Austin, Tex., 2 Nov. 1971, to C.C.D., whose appreciation is here-with expressed. Ca. 1894 the B.B. Chapter, U.D.C., had been formed in Pocahontas County, West Va.

75. At Front Royal, 23 May 1862, "she invited General Nathaniel P. Banks and his officers to a ball [!]. While the weary officers slept after the festivities . . . she made a daring horseback ride to give Jackson valuable information she had garnered." See *Virginia: A Guide to the Old Dominion* (New York [1940]; repr., 1974), p. 443.

76. See Mary V. Mish, "Women of Berkeley County," in the outsize brochure, *West Virginia's Centennial: The First 100 Years . . . 1863-1963* ([Martinsburg?], June 22-30, 1963), p. 56. "Her self-emancipation a century ago made her a controversial character. It was her sorrowful destiny to have lived 100 years too soon."

77. Mildred M. Main and Samuel H. Thompson, *Footprints* (Austin, Tex., 1957); Rae Foley (pseud., Elinore Denniston), *Famous American Spies* (New York, 1962); Jeannette C. Nolan, *Belle Boyd: Secret Agent* (New York, 1967); Ronald Seth, *Some of My Favorite Spies* (Radnor, Pa., 1968); Frank Surge, *Famous Spies* (Minneapolis, Minn., 1969); Basil Deakin, *True Adventure Stories for Girls* (London, 1971).

78. Webster's *American Military Biographies*, ed. Robert McHenry (Springfield, Mass. [1978]), pp. 37-38. Scheduled for spring, 1983, publication from Mercer University Press is *Belle Boyd: Siren of the South* by Dr. Ruth Scarborough of Shepherd College, West Va.

79. Respectively, Richard F. Snow, "Belle Boyd" (American Characters), *American Heritage*, XXXI (Feb.-Mar., 1980), 95; James A. Banks and Sam L. Sebesta, *We Americans: Our History and People* (Boston and elsewhere [1982]), I, 321; and Norman K. Risjord and Terry L. Haywoode, *People and Our Country* (New York and elsewhere [1982]), p. 325. The likeness—by Morris, of Pittsburgh, subscribed in her script, "Belle Boyd, the Rebel Spy," who is seated under a tree—is the property of C.C.D., acquired from the Civil War collection of the late Rev. Cornelius Greenway, of Brooklyn, N.Y.

80. Book and lyrics by Jack Zierold, music by Richard S. Russell, revised and directed by Ferdinand D. Perrone, of Bunker Hill, West Va., to whom C.C.D. is much indebted.

"Altamont" of the *Tribune*: John Williamson Palmer in the Civil War

DANIEL E. SUTHERLAND

THE CIVIL WAR YEARS WITNESSED WHAT one historian has termed a "news revolution" in American journalism. Northern newspapers, in particular, became something more than political editorial sheets. The excitement and turbulence of the war, the ravenous desire for any and all news about loved ones participating in the fray, produced unprecedented coverage of events. The nation's ever-expanding railroad and telegraph systems made it possible to report in a matter of hours events occurring in Virginia or Georgia to people living in New York and Pennsylvania. The revolution produced a new breed of reporter—tenacious, resourceful, and innovative. True, some journalists were slow to adopt newly required standards of accuracy and objectivity. Yet some exceptional correspondents reported the war. John Williamson Palmer was one of these. Though rarely mentioned in standard accounts of Civil War journalism, Palmer, while based in Baltimore, was a valued and somewhat shadowy contributor to one of the premier northern newspapers, the *New York Tribune*. Palmer's several "scoops" for the *Tribune*, his peculiar style of "feature" or human-interest story, and his uncompromising standards of honesty and integrity contributed to the revolution. His career forms an exciting, often fascinating, inside view of Civil War journalism and wartime Maryland.¹

The Palmer family were among the original settlers of Maryland. The dynasty began with Edward Palmer, an Oxford scholar who helped plan the first arts college in America on Palmer's Island, at the mouth

of the Susquehanna River. That was in 1624, and for the next two centuries the Palmers played an integral part in Maryland history. Another Edward Palmer became a prosperous nineteenth-century merchant. With his wife, Catherine Croxall, he raised four sons. One son, born in 1825, he named John Williamson.

John Williamson Palmer received every social and educational advantage available in antebellum Baltimore. Like his older brother, James Croxall, Palmer earned a medical degree from the University of Maryland. Unlike James, who embarked on a distinguished career as a United States Navy surgeon, John settled down to a private medical practice. Soon, however, he was swept up in the fever of the California gold rush. He went west, his first stop being San Francisco. From San Francisco, where he spent a year as city physician, he drifted to Hawaii and from there to the Far East, where he served as a surgeon for the British East India Company during the Second Burmese War (1851-52). Further travels took him to China and India before he returned to the United States and settled in New York City. There, in 1853, he substituted pen for scalpel and began a rewarding literary career. In 1855 he married a Baltimore belle named Henrietta Lee, herself an author and translator. They had one child, a son. During the 1850s Palmer contributed articles to *Harper's Magazine*, *Putnam's Magazine*, and the *Atlantic Monthly*, and published several volumes of travel sketches, a collection of folk songs, translations of works by Jules Michelet and Ernest Legouvé, and his only successfully produced play, a comedy entitled *The Queen's Heart*. He left New York during the Civil War, but returned shortly after-

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wards to resume writing. In 1904 he retired to Baltimore and died two years later at his home on McCulloh Street.²

Palmer was an unhappy member of the *New York Times* editorial staff when the Civil War began. His unhappiness stemmed from the fact that as a southerner he had become increasingly concerned about the "grossly and maliciously inaccurate" reports coming out of the South during the secession crisis and early weeks of fighting. He beseeched *Times*' editor Henry Raymond to send him to Richmond, from where he could supply the *Times* with more balanced accounts of the "rebellion." Raymond consented, and within a short time Palmer, armed with letters of transit obtained through southern friends from prominent Virginians like Henry Alexander Wise and John Murray Mason, was in the rebel capital. He wrote his Richmond articles, too, but they were never published. He had accomplished his task too well. Raymond decided that Palmer's view of the war would not suit northern public opinion.³

Disappointed, Palmer rejoined the editorial staff, but not for long. Still determined to report the war from the South, he acquired two new positions early in 1862. First he took a job in Baltimore with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. This job was not difficult to obtain, for the Palmer family was well known in the city. Next he acquired a post with the *New York Tribune*. This job originated from a controversial managerial change at the *Tribune*'s landmark headquarters on Nassau and Spruce streets. In late March, 1862, Horace Greeley, founder and owner of the *Tribune*, forced Charles Henry Dana, his managing editor for fifteen years, to resign. Dana's replacement was Sydney Howard Gay, a former assistant. Once in command, Gay made changes of his own. He had been in charge less than a week when the *Tribune* and every other major northern newspaper was "scooped" on the battle of Shiloh by the New York *Herald*. Gay immediately reevaluated his paper's newsgathering procedures and personnel. He decided reporters were too slow in acquiring and relaying stories. Even before Shiloh their lethargy had forced the *Tribune* on several occasions to copy important stories from other papers, often from its hated rival, the *Herald*.

The situation was particularly critical in the East. Gay's eastern bureau chief, in reply to the editor's demands for reform, complained of a shortage of "first class men" to do the job. Gay sought and recruited responsible reporters who would gather reliable information and relay it to New York ahead of the *Herald*. Palmer was one of the new recruits.⁴

Palmer held an unusual position on the *Tribune*. He was hired as a feature writer, to be paid by the story rather than a weekly or monthly salary, and his association was to be somewhat secretive. Though occasionally given travel money for special assignments, Palmer enjoyed no regular expense account. He was a "self-supporting correspondent."⁵ Yet his published dispatches were not signed merely as "An Occasional Correspondent" or "Our Special Correspondent," the titles usually given to non-salaried contributors. Rather, Palmer was identified as "Our Own Correspondent" and was allowed to sign his articles with a *nom de plume*—"Altamont"—an exceedingly rare honor early in the war, when only a few top-notch reporters were allowed to identify themselves with initials or a pen-name. His assignments were to take Palmer "out of the beaten track of the average correspondent" and in search of sources "inaccessible" to most reporters.⁶

Palmer aided the *Tribune* in ways other than reporting news, too. Baltimore was the best communications outlet from the Virginia front to the north, better even than Washington. As an employee of the B&O, Palmer was at the center of that communications hub and in an enviable position to intercept and relay government messages. Palmer's precise job with the B&O is uncertain, but he clearly had access to classified information. His office at the Camden station placed Palmer "from morning till night . . . at arm's length of the cars and the documents." He often corresponded on "Master of Transportation Office" stationery; he worked in association with the company's "superior officers"; and he took "corresponding excursions" (inspection tours) for the railroad. All of this indicates that Palmer worked under William Prescott Smith, the B&O's master of transportation and the right-hand man of B&O president John W. Garrett. Moreover, Palmer was

related through his wife to W. S. Morris, president of the Southern Telegraph Company in Baltimore. Such connections enabled Palmer to transmit messages overnight by the railroad's telegraph and special couriers. He procured railroad passes for *Tribune* reporters and supplied Gay with advance notice of military movements along the line. As "Altamont" ("the mountain top," as Palmer freely translated it), he would serve Gay as a pinnacle from which to assess the war in Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, and Washington.⁷

Gay saw additional advantages to having a man like Palmer in Baltimore. First, Palmer filled the need for an experienced, reliable reporter in that critical city at a time when irresponsible reporting was all too frequent. Everyone, "civilian, aide, or chaplain," seemed to "represent a newspaper," complained one reporter. Correspondents locked in intense rivalries often played fast and loose with the "facts," reporting vivid details of battles they had never witnessed and quoting generals they had never interviewed.⁸ Equally important, Palmer represented much-needed manpower in a critical location. Baltimore was a dangerous place for a newspaper man to work. Federal control over Baltimore and Maryland was tenuous at best, especially in southern Maryland and along the Eastern Shore. Everyone was under suspicion as a rebel. Early in the war, two New York correspondents had been arrested as spies. In September, 1861, suspected "secesh" in the state legislature had been arrested, and before the war was over nine Baltimore newspapers would be suppressed by Federal authorities. At least three other *Tribune* reporters were already based in Baltimore when Palmer was hired, but given conditions in the city, that was barely enough to insure reliable collection of news.⁹

Notwithstanding the dangers, Palmer did well and supplied the *Tribune* with two exclusive articles in June, 1862. The first one, carrying a Baltimore dateline, was a biographical sketch of the glamorous Confederate cavalryman Turner Ashby. The "Black-Horse General" had been killed in a rear-guard action near Harrisonburg, Virginia, in early June. The dashing young soldier was already a legend when he died,

and Palmer's glowing account of his adventures did little to tarnish Ashby's aura.¹⁰ The second article was another sketch of another legendary Confederate general, Thomas Jonathan "Stonewall" Jackson. This time writing from Martinsburg, West Virginia, Palmer penned one of the war's earliest accurate profiles of a man Palmer dubbed the "Rebel Napoleon." He emphasized that his sketch of Jackson, unlike previous ones, was carefully researched, his facts coming "from the friends of the subject." In truth, Palmer's sketch is a good one. It gives, for example, an explanation of the origin of the nickname "Stonewall" that has been overlooked by modern historians. The *nom de guerre*, claimed Palmer, came not, as most stories had it, from Barnard Elliott Bee at First Manassas. Instead, it was attached to Jackson's brigade at the time of its recruitment in the "stonewall" country of the Shenandoah Valley. It was thus the commander who had derived his name from the brigade, and this even before the memorable stand at Bull Run. Palmer's sketch was reprinted widely during the war, but his version of the "Stonewall" sobriquet, being less romantic than the one already established in legend, was ignored.¹¹

However, Palmer's early triumphs also made him a target. On August 12, 1862, the Baltimore *Sun* printed a report, based on information supplied by a *Tribune* reporter, that Palmer had gone insane and had been confined at Fort McHenry.¹² Palmer fairly exploded upon reading such nonsense and shot off an angry letter to Gay demanding the name of the culprit. He assured Gay that he was not crazy, that he was not confined at Fort McHenry, and that, indeed, he had not been within the walls of Fort McHenry since 1848. Nor had he, as the report also claimed, been the *Tribune* correspondent in Charleston at the start of the war. He had never been within three-hundred miles of Charleston. "Please tell your man he is quite at liberty to do this sort of thing with me every day in the week," concluded Palmer, "only the next time he lays me among the 'living dead' let him treat me to a proper obituary and puff a complete list of my literary accomplishments."¹³ The affair might have ended there, but when Palmer discovered the *Sun*

report reprinted by his old employer, the *Times*, he wrote to Raymond and again to Gay asking both men to publicly refute the story.¹⁴ Palmer never discovered who had circulated the tale, but it would not be his last encounter with professional jealousy.

Neither Palmer nor his enemies had much time to squabble, for approximately one week later Robert Edward Lee invaded Maryland. Palmer contributed nothing of interest to the *Tribune* during or immediately after the Antietam campaign. He was too busy with railroad duties to rush to the scene of battle. In any event, Gay's efforts to revitalize his Maryland-Virginia-Washington bureau were already paying dividends. The *Herald* had first predicted a rebel invasion, and the Philadelphia *Inquirer* was first to report that Lee's army had actually crossed the Potomac River, but the *Tribune* provided the most memorable and accurate account of the campaign. The paper's three regular correspondents—George Washburn Smalley, Albert Deane Richardson, and Nathaniel Paige—were among the first reporters at the scene, and by working closely together and exchanging notes, they produced a comprehensive and vivid description of the principal battle. Smalley's independent reports, fairly scorched with black powder and reverberant with rifle fire, remain classic first-hand accounts of the fighting.¹⁵

Palmer's contributions did not come until November, but they were noteworthy. His railroad duties completed, he journeyed not to Sharpsburg, where the principal battle had been fought, but to Harper's Ferry, the scene of Stonewall Jackson's pivotal victory in the campaign. Palmer's first report, one of several written during the month, provided a retrospective view of the fighting and a colorful description of the region. He began by portraying the town of Harper's Ferry—its history, its people, its normally quiet streets now swollen with hundreds of wounded and paroled soldiers. He detailed the topography of the country, the roads leading out of town and their winding routes into the surrounding hills—Bolivar Heights, Loudoun Heights, and Maryland Heights. It was in the hills that Federal defenders had made their valiant stand; it was in those hills that Jackson had chal-

lenged them and forced their surrender. Traveling six-hundred feet to the summit of Maryland Heights, Palmer contrasted the violent, bloody days of two months earlier with the peaceful solitude, the crisp air, and the colorful fall foliage that now cloaked the hills in autumnal glory. Below him, nestled in the valley, lay a fairy-tale scene. The town, seen as a mere speck from his elevation, reminded Palmer of "those toy towns of painted blocks which patient Dutch carpenters, who have not too much to do, whittle out in the intervals of business."¹⁶ Other reports included more stories about Stonewall Jackson's activities before and during the campaign.¹⁷

Palmer also cast light on one of the most controversial aspects of the fighting at Harper's Ferry: the actions of Union general John Ellis Wool. Wool had been censured for his conduct in defending the town by an army board of inquiry. The *Tribune* gave thorough coverage to the inquiry, and Gay endorsed its findings in an editorial. Specifically, the charges were that the elderly Wool, a veteran of the War of 1812 and the Mexican War, had as commander of the Middle Department (based, it should be pointed out, at Baltimore and not at Harper's Ferry) disobeyed orders when he ignored a "peremptory suggestion" from Henry Wager Halleck, commanding general of the Union armies, to abandon Harper's Ferry as indefensible and to place his entire garrison on Maryland Heights. Wool, deciding that the town was defensible, had deployed only part of his troops on Bolivar and Maryland heights. Moreover, Wool had allowed the "incompetent" Colonel Dixon S. Miles to command the 10,000 troops on Maryland Heights. Miles, another old army veteran, had earlier been publicly shamed, though not convicted of incompetence, by a military commission investigating his actions at First Manassas.¹⁸

Palmer interviewed General Wool in early November, while the board of inquiry was still in session, and he examined Wool's correspondence with the War Department, Colonel Miles, and General Julius White, commander of the troops in Harper's Ferry. All of this convinced Palmer that Wool was being used as a scapegoat. Three points, he said in an article published after the *Trib-*

une had already endorsed the board's findings, must be considered. First, Wool's correspondence with the War Department clearly showed that the general had never been ordered to abandon Harper's Ferry. Indeed, Halleck's orders made it clear that he wanted the town held and that final placement of troops must be left to Wool's "experience and local knowledge."¹⁹ Second, the correspondence showed that neither Colonel Miles nor General White had disagreed with Wool's assessment of the situation or his deployment of troops. Third, the "incompetent" Miles had been given his command by George Brinton McClellan, commander of the Army of the Potomac, and his appointment had been endorsed by Halleck. For Wool to have removed Miles from his command because of doubts about his ability would have been a direct affront to McClellan and Halleck. Miles had made serious errors in establishing his defensive position, conceded Palmer. He had failed to entrench his men properly or to take all the precautions ordered by Wool, and he seemed to have remained unconvinced to the very end that the Confederate foray into Maryland was anything more than a foraging party. But this could hardly serve as a reflection on Wool's ability. All in all, Palmer provided a powerful defense for Wool. The fact that Gay printed the article after having endorsed the board's findings demonstrates his confidence in Palmer.²⁰

Perhaps most significantly, the Antietam campaign inspired the piece of literature for which Palmer is best remembered today, his poem "Stonewall Jackson's Way." Years after the war, Palmer recalled the circumstances under which he had written this stirring war hymn. He had been at Oakland, Maryland, nearly one-hundred miles west of Harper's Ferry, when he awoke to the sound of gunfire on September 16:

I knew that Stonewall was in it, whatever it might be; it was his way—"Stonewall Jackson's way." I had twice put that phrase into my war letters, and other correspondents, finding it handy, had quoted it in theirs. I paced the piazza [of his hotel] and whistled a song of Oregon lumbermen and loggers that I had learned from a California

adventurer in Honolulu. The two thoughts were coupled and welded into one to make a song; and so the words gathered to the call of the tune. I wrote the ballad of "Stonewall Jackson's Way" with the roar of those guns in my ears.²¹

If Palmer's recollection of the date is correct, Jackson was not present at the skirmishing around Oakland. By the morning of September 16, he was far to the northeast, on his way to join Lee at Sharpsburg. But upon returning to Baltimore, Palmer printed and privately circulated copies of the poem to southern sympathizers in the city. To protect himself from suspicion by the provost marshall, Palmer printed the poem anonymously. Its authorship was explained by the following legend: "Found on a Rebel Sergeant of the old Stonewall Brigade, Taken at Winchester," and was dated Martinsburg, September 13, 1862. The Baltimore *Republican*, a noted secessionist newspaper that would be suppressed ten months later for publishing an anti-Union poem, presented Palmer's poem to the public on November 14.²²

That same morning, Palmer sent a copy of the poem to Gay, asking him to publish it in the *Tribune*. Significantly, Palmer, who still feared reprisals should he be suspected of pro-Confederate leanings, did not reveal the poem's true authorship even to Gay. He introduced it as a "literary curiosity" that might serve "to amuse" *Tribune* readers. The author, Palmer suggested with tongue in cheek, "seems to have had art enough to disguise real skill under a certain soldier-like rough-ness and ready-ness." "'Stonewall's way,'" he continued in explanation, "is said to be a by-word in his army for eccentric military movements." In a postscript Palmer cautioned Gay once more not to use his name in connection with the poem, even should he see fit to introduce it to readers with Palmer's own explanatory remarks. The poem was not published in the Unionist *Tribune*.²³

As the second year of the war drew to a close, a dramatic change occurred in Palmer's fortunes, one that tells much about Palmer and his boss Sydney Howard Gay. The two men contrasted strangely in nearly every conceivable way. Gay was a slender, almost frail, Harvard-educated abolitionist.

Palmer, a decade younger, was a robust, southern-bred world traveller. Gay was an intellectual dedicated to the Union cause. Palmer, though by no means anti-intellectual, was a *bon vivant* with pro-Confederate inclinations. Strange it should be that these two men collaborated so successfully in their shared objective of accurately reporting the war. Stranger still that Gay should befriend his southern correspondent as he did in the early months of 1863.

Palmer had traveled to New York after the new year, probably in February or early March. His precise reason for going north is uncertain, but it was a journey he made several times during the war. On this occasion Palmer fell victim to one of his periodic bouts with demon rum. One historian has called Palmer "a hopeless alcoholic."²⁴ This is unfair, for Palmer was not the drunkard this scholar implies. It is true that Palmer sometimes sought refuge in the bottle, particularly when tense, anxious, or over-excited. He claimed to be especially susceptible to these conditions amidst the confused hustle and bustle of a large city, and his weakness would grow after suffering from "brain fever" (cerebrospinal meningitis) in the spring of 1864.²⁵ Luckily in 1863 Gay was at hand. He took Palmer under his care, saw that he recovered, and returned him safely to Baltimore. Many editors, no matter how sympathetic or understanding, would have dismissed a correspondent with such a debilitating habit. Gay, a non-drinker, did not, and through his kindness won an even more faithful allegiance from Palmer.

Back in Baltimore, Palmer was slow to recover, and could not even write to Gay for two months. When he did write, it was with an outpouring of gratitude. He assured Gay that he had been submitting himself to strict moral and physical discipline. "I think you can believe me now," he wrote nervously. "I do not think I shall drink again—at least *not for another five years*. But I will not promise and I dare not exult." He acknowledged his debt to Gay's charity and concluded:

You recollect that the person you sent to the cars with me, at Jersey City, slipped into my hands, as the train was starting, a

note from you containing a five dollar bill, and *a few words of tender earnest appeal*. I carry that note about me, and have read it over and over again till I would have it by heart. God bless you for those seeds of good and grant that the thorns may not choke you.²⁶

Two days after writing his touching letter (signed "Affectionately yours"), Palmer provided even stronger evidence of his recovery by sending Gay his first article in almost five months. If it is true that a severe physical or moral struggle changes one's perspective on the world and encourages one to rearrange priorities, then surely Palmer's article was a product of such catharsis. Outwardly the article is a fairly straight-forward report of cavalry raids into Maryland and West Virginia by Confederate generals William Edmundson Jones and John Daniel Imboden during the previous month. But the tone is different from that of Palmer's earlier writings. A particular target of the raids had been the B&O; rebel raiders had destroyed tracks, cars, coal supplies, bridges, and telegraph lines along the fifteen miles between Oakland and Rowlesburg, West Virginia. Palmer, remembering that he was a railroad man and suddenly realizing the terrible destructive power of war, devoted a large part of his article to the brave men who kept the nation's railroads operating in the face of such raids and who labored, implied Palmer, in a more honorable occupation than the soldiers who ravaged the land. The raids, he insisted, grand and terrible as they were, "are in a manner eclipsed by that grander glow of inextinguishable life in the midst of which the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, phenix-like, arises again and again, from its own ashes . . ." "The trowell, and the saw, and the bolt," he concluded, "are stronger than the pick, and the torch, and the blast; and the patient road master, bravely rebuilding in the track of the destroyer makes way again for prosperity in the name of Peace."²⁷ Gay, recognizing how important the article was to Palmer's rehabilitation, ran it on page one.

Never far from Palmer's thoughts was Stonewall Jackson, and never more so than now, in the month of Jackson's death. Stonewall had died on May 10 from wounds

suffered eight days earlier when his own pickets had mistakenly shot him amidst the impenetrable wilderness of Chancellorsville. Palmer had been gathering biographical information on Jackson for over a year by that time, and he now requested that Gay send him all available newspaper clippings, American and foreign, concerning Jackson's life and career.²⁸ Palmer responded with his final and best wartime sketch of "Old Jack." He described Jackson as a "psychological event," a phrase yet to be equalled as a summation of Stonewall's effect on the people around him. In a few brief lines, Palmer captured the essence of the man, "the sluggish, dull cadet—... the uninteresting, morose professor—the querulous, tedious hypochondriac—the formal and severe elder—the odd and awkward man—not walking, 'only getting along,' and talking to himself" who suddenly, with a bound of joy, awoke to action "at the call of the trumpet, at the waving of the banners."²⁹ Exhilarated upon completing his splendid piece, Palmer rejoiced as he informed Gay, "I have cast out my devil utterly, at least for a time, and . . . I am free and strong again."³⁰

And just in time, too. "News along this line is gathering thick and fast, but rather *incoherent* as yet," Palmer informed Gay in mid-June. "In a day or two it will assume the proper shape for important letters."³¹ Lee had shifted his army west from Fredericksburg to Culpeper, Virginia, on June 3 in anticipation of his second northern invasion. By the time Palmer wrote to Gay, Federal and confederate troops had clashed all along the Maryland-Virginia border, and the advance elements of Lee's army had crossed into Maryland. Two weeks later, Joseph Hooker had concentrated his army at Frederick. Four days before this, Palmer warned Gay to send "at least two first-rate men" to Frederick and Hagerstown.³² All during June, Palmer maintained regular correspondence with Gay to keep him informed of movement along the railroad and the positions of Union and Confederate forces in Maryland.³³ This was doubtless at Gay's request, for the *Tribune* editor was in a quandary. Military movements of the greatest importance were obviously taking place, yet his regular staff

had been seriously depleted. His star reporter from the Antietam campaign, Smalley, had been forced by poor health to join the editorial staff in New York. Another crack correspondent had been arrested and thrown into Libbey Prison by the Confederates. Another man formerly in the East had been transferred to the western theater, and two other men had been forbidden by Hooker to travel with the army because of their critical and unauthorized remarks in print.³⁴

This was the situation when Gay asked Palmer to serve as special correspondent for the impending battle. Gay's original proposal is unknown, for what resulted was a compromise forced by limitations placed on Palmer's time by his railroad work. Apparently Gay, in a risky endeavor to get first-hand information about the movements of Lee's army, asked that Palmer go behind southern lines and stick with the Army of Northern Virginia wherever it traveled. Palmer liked the idea, but he reminded Gay that as an employee of the B&O he could leave Baltimore for no more than a week to ten days, and even then the trip would have to be made in conjunction with a railroad assignment he was to undertake. He also reminded Gay that the job was "dangerous to a certain degree," and he requested advance money for horses, a messenger, and equipment and a formal letter authorizing him to act for the *Tribune*, things he had never before asked of Gay. "My circumstances are *peculiar*," he reminded the editor, "and I cannot be too precautionary. Besides, we have martial law here, declared yesterday—and our goings and comings are looked into."³⁵ From this point on, Palmer would no longer use his "Altamont" by-line in the *Tribune*. The risk of being identified had become too great.

Unfortunately Palmer had already missed his big opportunity. Even as he replied to Gay's offer, Union and Confederate forces were maneuvering for position in the hills around Gettysburg. What was more, Palmer now delayed his departure even further by repeating his request for money. Money had been a frequent if not constant theme in Palmer's correspondence with Gay. The *Tribune* at first paid Palmer five to six dollars per "letter," but by November,

1862, he requested, and apparently received, eight dollars for each contribution.³⁶ Palmer also wrote for northern periodicals during the war, and he sometimes called on Gay to place articles for him. Following his return from New York in May, 1863, Palmer had sent two articles to Gay and asked that he forward them along with a personal endorsement to *Knickerbocker* or *Continental Magazine*. He asked only five dollars apiece for the articles, rather than the fifteen dollars he had commanded before the war, but Gay had to place them "at once—for we are terribly in need of money."³⁷

Now, on the eve of the most important battle of the war, Palmer hesitated to embark without the needed cash. Send sixteen dollars "immediately," he urged Gay on June 29. On July 2 he still wanted to know what amount he would be paid for the excursion. I must have this answer first," he insisted, "on family account—may be absent some time."³⁸ On July 3 Palmer wrote two final letters, both on the by-now-familiar theme. He thanked Gay for sending the sixteen dollars earlier requested, but he must have seventy-five dollars more for expenses "before 'my lines are cut.'" All other money due him should be sent to "Mrs. Altamont," and he would "confidently rely" on Gay's friendship to see that she did not suffer "for a few dollars" while he was away. "I shall try hard to make a hit," he concluded, "for you and for myself."³⁹

Palmer had already missed the battle. By the time he arrived at Frederick, Lee's army was in retreat thirty miles to the north. He sent Gay a long letter describing fighting north of the town (cautioning Gay to make "no allusion to a correspondent, or to a place"), but the report, eclipsed by more critical news, was never published.⁴⁰ However, several other letters, written in the chaotic days that followed, did find their way into the *Tribune*, and they showed Palmer at his best. His letters described not the terrible clash of armies at the hightide of battle, but the feelings of men caught in the throes of war. For example, in a letter written two days after Lee's withdrawal, Palmer gave *Tribune* readers a superb glimpse of the tenacious spirit and unfailing

pride of their Confederate foes. As he watched the passage of rebel prisoners—"seemingly cheerful with desperation, or habitual bravado"—through the streets of Frederick en route to Baltimore, one grizzled veteran in particular caught his eye. He was an elderly man, over fifty years, dressed in a tattered, disheveled uniform that testified to the rigors of the campaign:

And such a head! so grand and calm! quite bald, too, . . . but he had a beard like Aaron's. His features were fine, and his look was lofty; but in the dark, gray eyes, that, among his children in peaceful, happy days, must have been gentle, even to loveliness, there sat a solemn pitifulness that was nevertheless proud. And as he strode slowly along, carefully supported under each arm by two stout enemies, and bore himself grandly erect to the full measure of his six feet and more, turning his face neither to the right hand nor to the left, but marching straight on, with the imperturbable indifference of a captured Mohegan, that hoary Rebel was superbly pitiful, in spite of the hideous slash across the forehead, and the dried blood with which his face was daubed.⁴¹

Even more significant was Palmer's realization that Lee, though defeated, had severely tested the Federal defenders. In two letters to Gay marked "Private," Palmer commented on a fact recognized by historians but missed by most northern reporters at the time, namely, the "retreat" of the Federal army after Gettysburg. Confusion reigned in Maryland, he wrote, over who had won the battle. George Gordon Meade, who had assumed command of the Army of the Potomac on the eve of battle, was supposedly the victor, so why was his army streaming into Frederick? "If Lee's rebels are routed," he postulated, "—if they are really trying to cross the river—if the pontoons are destroyed and the river so swollen, why is all this army coming in this direction,—unless they expect to see Lee's army with them?"⁴² Later in the month, writing from Harper's Ferry, Palmer noted that Lee's withdrawal had been entirely successful, and that his army now sat midway between Martinsburg and Winchester. "He no longer presents to us the aspect of precipitate action and demoralized retreat,"

Palmer cautioned in an article that was copied widely in northern newspapers, "but partly in desperation, perhaps, or perhaps, in the hopefulness which moderate re-enforcements have inspired, partly in that wily strategy of his, which is ever ready to assume the boldest attitudes, he holds his ground, he even threatens us" ⁴³ The threat was not as serious as Palmer calculated. Lee was a sick man and his army was exhausted, but the *Tribune's* correspondent had captured the panic that gripped the Maryland countryside during ten days of dramatic uncertainty.

In the aftermath of Gettysburg, Palmer again encountered the keen competition that characterized Civil War journalism. As mentioned, the *Herald* was the *Tribune's* biggest rival, and a formidable one at that. No other newspaper spent so much money to report the war as did the *Herald*. "Lavish bonuses" were given to *Herald* reporters who scooped rivals. Hundreds of dollars were paid to messengers who carried dispatches to the nearest telegraph office. In Washington, five to fifty dollars were paid to tipsters for information from reliable government or military sources. Frederic Hudson, managing editor of the *Herald*, estimated that he spent a half-million dollars in excess of his budget during the war.⁴⁴ Yet with all its money, the *Herald* frequently stooped to questionable practices to best competitors. Shortly after Palmer joined the *Tribune*, his paper ran an editorial complaining about a *Herald* reporter who had recently stolen a *Tribune* reporter's horse, boots, and saddle bags in order to beat him out of a story.⁴⁵ During the Antietam campaign, a *Herald* man delayed a New York *World* reporter from telegraphing his story for twenty-four hours—enough time to send the same information to the *Herald*—by convincing Union pickets that the man was a secessionist spy and ought to be detained.⁴⁶ When themselves scooped by rivals, *Herald* reporters were notorious for fabricating stories, a practice that has led one historian to judge the *Herald's* wartime coverage "not overly reliable."⁴⁷

Palmer's chief encounter with the *Herald* came on the morning of July 14, and it cost him one of the biggest stories of the Get-

tysburg campaign. He was headed on horseback from Frederick to Gettysburg when he met two B&O messengers with "the very great intelligence" that Lee's army had crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, Maryland, the previous night. Palmer spurred his horse back to Frederick in order to relay the news to New York. The message, if received at that hour, would have been far in advance of any other newspaper.⁴⁸ It was at this point that Palmer encountered Frank G. Chapman. Chapman was a "shrewd and not overly scrupulous fellow" who served as the *Herald's* chief correspondent with the Army of the Potomac. Earlier in the war, he had filed one of the first reports on the battle of Shiloh by convincing army telegraph operators that he was a member of Ulysses S. Grant's staff with an urgent message. Transferred to the East after this important coup, Chapman resorted to even more questionable methods by fabricating facts and reporting the action of battles he had never witnessed. Another *Herald* correspondent said of him: "Not a bad fellow, he had simply defined the loose way things were running on the *Herald*, and he made up his mind to have an easy time and appear to be in at the big events, whether there or not."⁴⁹

Chapman became almost legendary during the Gettysburg campaign, and partly at Palmer's expense. Arriving at Baltimore from the battlefield on the morning of July 4, Chapman contrived to take control of the city's telegraph office and monopolize it in such a way that no other reporter could transmit messages for several hours.⁵⁰ Chapman was largely able to maintain this monopoly for the next eleven days, so that when Palmer's intelligence of July 14 arrived at Baltimore to be relayed to New York, Chapman effectively killed it. "He afterward boasted of it [his monopoly]," fumed Palmer, "and that he had 'killed the censorship.' However that may be, it is certain that although he did not get the news til some time after I had it, he got it through. Mine, if it ever left the city, went no further than the censor."⁵¹ Palmer would have drawn small comfort from knowing that other reporters were equally infuriated with the *Herald* man.⁵²

No sooner had Palmer arrived back in

Baltimore than he was forced to contend with *Tribune* reporters. His first nemesis was Nathaniel Graham Shepherd, one of the regular *Tribune* correspondents in Baltimore. Shepherd had already robbed Palmer of one story during the previous month.⁵³ Now, as Palmer prepared to return to the front, Shepherd stole his horse, complete with saddle, blanket, and saddle-bags. The horse and equipment had been purchased with the expense-money sent by Gay. Palmer insisted that the cost be charged to Shepherd's account. Then, when Palmer tried to borrow a horse from another reporter who had just returned from the front on Palmer's own spent animal, the reporter refused to loan it to him, forcing Palmer to borrow a fresh mount from "railroad friends." Finally, while at dinner that afternoon, another *Tribune* man commented to Palmer within clear hearing of Federal army officers at their table, "By the by, the last time I heard of you you were in the Rebel army." Palmer almost choked on his food. "Yet imagine," sputtered Palmer in recalling the scene for Gay, "how much caution was necessary on my part, how much tact, if we are to succeed . . ." Palmer concluded his hot letter of protest by insisting that he must steer clear for awhile of both soldiers and reporters, the latter being "the most hopeless fools I ever saw." "I shall follow my own road," he claimed, "take my own time, manage through my own friends," and stay away from fellow correspondents who "would ruin any plan that required secrecy and tact."⁵⁴

Palmer may have avoided fellow reporters during the following months, but he certainly did not stop writing. In fact with the help of friends in Richmond he handed Gay one of the biggest stories of the war. In late July he learned from "highest official sources" in the Confederate government details concerning the efforts of Alexander Stephens, vice president of the Confederacy, to arrange a personal meeting with his old friend from congressional days Abraham Lincoln.⁵⁵ The proposed meeting never took place, but rumors had been circulating about its intended purpose. The reason mentioned most often was the Confederate desire to discuss an exchange of prisoners-

of-war and the treatment of captured wounded soldiers. Palmer verified that these were important reasons for the meeting, but he also announced another, more startling reason. The Confederate government wished to protest the use of black troops in the Federal army and to threaten Lincoln, should he continue his policy of racial warfare, with a 100,000-man army of southern blacks. To verify his report, Palmer included a letter from a Richmond insider known as "Randolph." The mysterious Randolph was never identified, but his words and their implication were alarming. His letter, addressed to Horace Greeley, beseeched the influential editor to help "avert new horrors of war from which the soul of every Christian must shrink."⁵⁶

Gay was so shocked by the letter that he felt compelled to question Palmer about its authenticity. Palmer, rather taken aback by Gay's skepticism, assured him upon his honor that the letter was genuine. "The Cabinet at Washington know it well," he asserted. "That was Stephens' message exactly. I have precise advices from Richmond. For Heaven's sake, don't hesitate to publish it. I would not for the world send you so important a paper unless I knew it to be true." Again, he assured Gay that his "informants" were in the "very highest position." The *Herald*, he added somewhat slyly, "would give \$500 for that very letter."⁵⁷ Palmer was gratified when Gay wrote back to verify his confidence in the report. He responded by revealing further to Gay that three members of Lincoln's cabinet—Edwin McMasters Stanton, Salmon Portland Chase, and Montgomery Blair—had admitted the truth of the matter to the president of the B&O. Moreover, Palmer's own family physician had received independent, corroborating evidence in his "regular semi-weekly letter from Richmond."⁵⁸ Whatever the truth of Randolph's allegations, for they have never been verified, one must suspect, as did Gay, that the story contained more bluster than fact, and that it was instigated by Confederate officials who saw their government slipping into a desperate situation.⁵⁹

If the Confederate government was desperate, so was Palmer. He was tired of the enforced secrecy of his position with the

Tribune. He wanted to work as a salaried correspondent at the going rate of twenty-five dollars for three letters per week. In August, 1863, he reminded Gay that during the past sixteen months he had provided the *Tribune* with first-rate material at minimal cost. He believed he deserved a chance at a regular, salaried post. He needed the job to support his family and, he hinted, to stay out of trouble. Palmer suggested that he had fallen temporary victim to the bottle while caught in the frenzy of the Gettysburg campaign. A regular post would steady his nerves and insure his family's financial security. He also believed he needed the discipline of a regular post to achieve his potential as a writer. "It does me no good to be *independent*," he confessed to Gay. "I work always much more anxiously for the man to whom I owe a weekly service. I care too little for myself, to be left to my inclinations . . . It will not hurt you to try it—you can stop it when you please."⁶⁰

Gay approved the plan, particularly when Palmer agreed to continue his pursuit of news behind southern lines. Palmer journeyed to New York in the second half of August, 1863, to iron out details. Gay would pay him twenty-five dollars per week without even insisting on the standard three letters. He did not want Palmer to write "for the mere sake of writing," for he believed that even one "well prepared" letter from "those *remote parts*" would be worth the price. Palmer was to "observe" and gather items of interest about the country, the army, and the people, and then embody them in graphic, and more or less romantic letters.⁶¹ Palmer was delighted. "The project is beautiful," he exulted, "and I think quite practicable."⁶² The project became even more promising in early September when the B&O transferred Palmer to Virginia in the vicinity of Newport News.

The arrangement ran smoothly during the first month. Assisted by a Virginia "adventurer" named Charles E. Langley, with whom Palmer had operated on past occasions, the *Tribune*'s new "Special Correspondent" kept a stream of original articles and copies of southern newspapers flowing into the *Tribune* office. His articles in September dealt with topics as far-ranging as a "remarkable Rebel campaign" near

Darksville, Virginia; a little-known but fierce fight during Lee's withdrawal from Gettysburg in which Confederate cavalry and teamsters defended baggage trains near Williamsport; and a brief history of the Stonewall Brigade from First Manassas to the death of Turner Ashby.⁶³ Palmer promised even more exciting things to come, such as the Confederate government's plan to organize a slave army of 150,000 to 200,000 men. The slaves, said Palmer, were to "fight for their freedom" and fifty acres of land.⁶⁴

Then suddenly, unexpectedly, came the rupture. Gay and Palmer had a falling out, exchanged testy letters, and Palmer became an ex-*Tribune* reporter. The ostensible reason was the infrequency and quality of Palmer's dispatches, particularly one "incoherent and inconsequential" article of which Palmer had been quite proud. The Marylander was terribly upset because he had shown the article in question to Gay while in New York, and the editor had urged him to complete it with an assurance that he would most "certainly" publish it. The article was a potentially important one dealing with the "relations of the Poor Whites to the Slaves and to the Slave-holders, and to the Army and to 'the cause.'" Now Gay said he did not want it, and he no longer wanted Palmer. Palmer was hurt. "You know I could not write, speak, or think offensively of you—that from the first I have held you in highest regard." Palmer could see no cause for the break. Their "enterprise" had been a "complete success." "I think you did not appreciate the situation," Palmer challenged in referring to the dangers of his "*peculiar service*" in enemy territory. "Ah, Mr. Gay," he concluded as he groped for some explanation of the editor's sudden coolness, "tell me frankly. Has not political or editorial expediency compelled this change of views?" Desperate to maintain his connection, Palmer even offered "a long, and carefully prepared letter" once a week for only fifteen dollars, as well as information on "the movements and ways of the independent rebel corps through this country, *for nothing*."⁶⁵ His plea was to no avail.

Palmer's reaction? He turned Confederate. It is probable that his sympathies

throughout the war had been with the South. In his correspondence and dispatches he wrote of "rebels" and "the enemy," but this may have been for the benefit of his editors and readers. He denounced on several occasions people who implied that he was a rebel, but he never effectively contradicted them. His fascination with Confederate heroes like Turner and Jackson and objective treatment of the Confederate cause might be interpreted simply as good journalism, and this certainly had been part of Palmer's goal. Yet the impartial observer must conclude from many of Palmer's written and printed statements that he took immense pleasure in recording Confederate history. This fact, if conceded, poses an interesting question about Palmer's intentions. Had he been, all along, a Confederate agent who used his post as a northern journalist to observe Federal movements and to feed false information about Confederate plans to the *Tribune*? Had Altamont been Randolph, using his access to Gay as a means of spreading southern propaganda? There is little evidence for this scenario, and given Palmer's sincere regard for Gay, it is difficult to see him as a calculating, Janus-faced agent who sought to manipulate his friends. Yet shortly after the war Palmer approached William Conant Church, editor of *Galaxy Magazine*, about writing an article "embodiment certain secret service adventures" of the war. Palmer insisted that were the article published (and it was not), his authorship "*shall not be known*," and the article must be "*printed precisely as it comes from my hand*."⁶⁶ In any case, Palmer openly entered Confederate service after leaving the *Tribune*. Working first as an "attache" for the Confederate government and "charged with singular and hazardous responsibilities skillfully and bravely discharged," he ended the war as a "valued volunteer" on the staff of General John Cabell Breckinridge.⁶⁷

The journalistic career of Altamont was a brief but glorious one. His work does not record the explosive, front-line action found in the reports of the war's combat journalists, but his biographical profiles, behind-the-lines sketches, and exclusive stories about the activities of high-ranking

civilian and military leaders are among the best of the war. Several of his articles, most notably the ones on Jackson and Lee's withdrawal from Gettysburg, were copied widely. He was an early authority on Stonewall Jackson and produced not only a memorable poem about his subject but one of the first accurate historical views of Jackson's character and career. Today's literary critics would very likely call Palmer's style florid, even eccentric. To this it must be admitted that Palmer remained as much poet as journalist. Yet he was a pioneer in the "news revolution," and in his perspective on the war, in the quality of his work, he remains "Altamont"—the mountain top.

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2. *Dictionary of American Biography* (26 vols.: New York, 1928-1980), 14: 187-89; *National Cyclopaedia of American Biography* (59 vols.: New York, 1893-1980), 8: 222-23; Howard A. Kelly and Walter L. Burrage, eds., *Dictionary of American Medical Biography. Lives of Eminent Physicians of the United States and Canada, from the Earliest Times* (New York, 1928), pp. 933-34; *Baltimore Sun*, February 27, 1906.
3. *Baltimore Sun*, February 27, 1906.
4. None of the standard biographical sketches of Palmer mention that he worked for the *Baltimore and Ohio*. This fact emerges only in his correspondence with Sydney Howard Gay in the Sydney Howard Gay Papers, Manuscript Department, Columbia University Library. For the *Tribune's* problems see Starr, *Bohemian Brigade*, pp. 96-100, 112-13, 289-90.
5. Palmer to Gay, November 12, 1862, Gay Papers.
6. Starr, *Bohemian Brigade*, p. 195; Palmer to Gay, November 12, 1862, Gay Papers.
7. Palmer to Gay, October 27, November 12, 1862, June 27, 1863, Gay Papers. The importance of the master of transportation's office may be seen in William E. Bain, ed., *B&O in the Civil War from the Papers of William Prescott Smith* (Denver, 1966). Also useful is Festus P. Summers, *The Baltimore and Ohio in the Civil War* (New York, 1939). Two good maps showing the area in which Palmer operated may be found in Summers, *The Baltimore and Ohio in the Civil War*, pp. 50, 131. The inspiration for Palmer's pen-name is un-

known. However, there is a town in western Maryland, near Oakland, named Altamont. The town sits not far from Eagle Rock, one of the highest elevations in the state.

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13. Palmer to Gay, August 29, 1862, Gay Papers.
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17. *Ibid.*, November 20, 1862, December 18, 1862.
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19. *War of the Rebellion*, ser. 1, vol. 19, pt. 1, p. 757.
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23. Palmer to Gay, November 14, 1862, Gay Papers.
24. Starr, *Bohemian Brigade*, pp. 289-90.
25. Palmer to William Conant Church, October 1, 1866, Manuscript Division, New York Public Library.
26. Palmer to Gay, May 12, 1863, Gay Papers.
27. New York Tribune, May 20, 1863.
28. Palmer to Gay, May 14, 1863, Gay Papers.
29. New York Tribune, July 6, 1863.
30. Palmer to Gay, June 8, 1863, Gay Papers.
31. *Ibid.*, June 16, 1863.
32. *Ibid.*, June 24, 1863.
33. *Ibid.*, June 25, 1863, June 27, 1863, June 29, 1863.
34. Starr, *Bohemian Brigade*, pp. 203-204.
35. Palmer to Gay, July 1, 1863, July 2, 1863, Gay Papers.
36. *Ibid.*, November 12, 1862, Gay Papers.
37. *Ibid.*, May 12, 1863.
38. *Ibid.*, July 2, 1863.
39. *Ibid.*, July 3, 1863 (two letters).
40. *Ibid.*, July 5, 1863.
41. New York Tribune, July 8, 1863.
42. Palmer to Gay, July 6, 1863, July 22, 1863, Gay Papers.
43. *Ibid.*, August 7, 1863; New York Tribune, July 23, 1863. For the confusion among newsmen following Lee's withdrawal from Gettysburg see Andrews, *The North Reports the Civil War*, pp. 430-31.
44. Starr, *Bohemian Brigades*, p. 234.
45. New York Tribune, May 17, 1862.
46. Crozier, *Yankee Reporters*, pp. 261-62.
47. Andrews, *The North Reports the Civil War*, pp. 430-31.
48. Palmer to Gay, August 7, 1863, Gay Papers.
49. Andrews, *The North Reports the Civil War*, pp. 177-78, 265.
50. *Ibid.*, pp. 428-29.
51. Palmer to Gay, August 8, 1863, Gay Papers.
52. Andrews, *The North Reports the Civil War*, pp. 431-34. Those who like to believe that justice triumphs in the end will rejoice to learn that Chapman got his comeuppance a few days later. See Andrews, *The North Reports the Civil War*, pp. 492-95.
53. Palmer had sent an article to Gay about the erection of barricades and breastworks in Baltimore as the city prepared for Lee's invasion. Instead of Palmer's report, the *Tribune* printed Shepherd's story on the same events. See Palmer to Gay, June 29, 1863, Gay Papers; New York Tribune, June 26, 1863, July 1, 1863.
54. Palmer to Gay, July 22, 1863, Gay Papers.
55. *Ibid.*, July 23, 1863.
56. New York Tribune, July 31, 1863.
57. Palmer to Gay, July 25, 1863, Gay Papers.
58. *Ibid.*, July 31, 1863.
59. New York Tribune, July 31, 1863. If Palmer was right about the real motive of Stephen's mission, it remains one of the best-kept secrets of the war. Members of Lincoln's cabinet never recorded their knowledge of it, and official correspondence between Stephens and Jefferson Davis concerning the mission never mentions such a purpose directly. Historians have generally dated the start of the Confederate debate over the possible use of black soldiers no earlier than the autumn of 1863, and general interest was not aroused until a year after that. See *War of the Rebellion*, ser. 2, vol. 6, pp. 74-76, 94-95; Robert F. Durden, *The Gray and the Black. The Confederate Debate on Emancipation* (Baton Rouge, 1972), pp. 29, 74-142.
60. Palmer to Gay, August 8, 1863, Gay Papers. Evidence that Palmer had again fallen prey to drink is found in his letter to Gay of July 23, 1863.
61. Palmer to Gay, October 20, 1863, Gay Papers.
62. *Ibid.*, September 2, 1863.
63. *Ibid.*, August 24, 1863, October 20, 1863, October 28, 1863; Starr, *Bohemian Brigade*, pp. 289-90; New York Tribune, September 10, 1863, September 2, 1863.
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Maryland Through a Traveler's Eyes: A Visit by Samuel Ludvigh in 1846

EDITED AND TRANSLATED BY FREDERIC TRAUTMANN

SAMUEL LUDVIGH (1801–1869) WAS atheist and anti-clerical, a zealous rationalist and “a tireless missionary of free thought” intent on spreading his views.¹ He called himself an apostle of skepticism. To that end he published a radical journal, *Die Fackel* (The Torch), and several times toured the USA lecturing. As with many radicals of his day, his radicalism began with revolt against the injustices of an unhappy childhood. He grew up under the tyranny of a cruel and selfish father in the Austro-Hungarian village of Güns. He got a good education nonetheless, partly at the local *gymnasium* and the rest by independent study. His was a curious and an energetic mind, always searching, ever learning. He became, in turn, a bookbinder, a lawyer, and secretary to a German prince. He traveled with the prince in the Middle East. His letters home proved him a capable traveler and a first-rate author, able to see clearly and report accurately many and diverse details about strange places and different people. He was happy and competent in a travel writer’s nomadic work. Then he vented radical spleen against Metternich’s policies, the censor forbade his ever publishing in Austria again, and he emigrated to America in 1837. He became a poet and an essayist, and edited German-language newspapers in Philadelphia, Baltimore (the German-language *Herald*, July 1840 to May 1842), and Cincinnati, before beginning the *Fackel* in 1843, which he published in Baltimore (1850–1858), St. Paul and, from 1863 until he died, in Cincinnati. It so fully and so passionately set forth his ideas

that it became an expression of him and he of it. He took subscriptions for it on his many lecture tours, often exchanging a year’s or two years’ worth for a hotel room or steamboat passage or a train ticket.² In 1846 and 1847 he took his longest tour of the United States, was “a candid and objective observer,”³ and wrote “an important travel book.”⁴ Below, in translation, is the part on Maryland, describing his journey from Baltimore to Frederick to Cumberland.⁵

September 14

Transportation between Philadelphia and Baltimore costs almost nothing nowadays. The usual fare for the train is \$4.00; for the steamboat from Dock Street, \$3.00; and for competing boats, \$1.00 or even as little as 50 cents. Taking the cheapest boat, I went forty-five miles down the Delaware River, fourteen on the Chesapeake Canal, and seventy on Chesapeake Bay. The little boat was packed with travelers, baggage, and barrels. Such a ridiculously low fare cannot be expected to include elegance and comfort, but I felt that the beautiful cruise down that majestic river made it all worthwhile.

Baltimore, September 15

A magnificent sunrise followed a splendid starry night. Chesapeake Bay, though bigger than the bay at the mouth of the Hudson in New York, has less attractive shores. Baltimore is picturesque. Fort McHenry, guarding the entrance to the harbor, proved its military capability during the last war with England. Important in commerce, Baltimore has contributed significantly to the history of unprecedented national progress.

Frederic Trautmann, associate professor of speech at Temple University, Philadelphia, has published articles and translations relating to travel in America.

September 16

Baltimore is often called Monument City because of its Washington Monument and its Battle Monument. I once lived for two years [July 1840 to June 1842] in Baltimore [but work and cares kept me from seeing the Washington Monument] so today I hurried to it.⁶ I also wanted a view of the city and environs. Not having had such joy since I climbed minarets in Turkey in 1835, I longed for it again; and today I enjoyed myself to the full [with the view from this 204-foot tower]. From here the city, already home to 120,000 people, is beautiful. Chesapeake Bay to the south, decorated with many boats; the city and the bustle of its work; the spreading, level reaches of forest, interspersed with farms and country houses—together they formed a lovely panorama.

Except for some stylish private houses, Baltimore has nothing excellent in architecture. Churches (among which the squat, tasteless Catholic cathedral is most prominent), the University of Maryland,⁷ Masonic Hall, banks, courthouse, the two theatres, the medical college, hospital, jail, workhouse, and poorhouse are buildings distinguished neither for beauty of style nor massiveness of proportion.

September 17

On my walk today I saw how much more attractive Baltimore has grown in the last few years. In place of miserable shacks are large brick buildings with well-stocked shops. At the Point,⁸ where ships arrive from Europe, many different kinds of people mingle in great hustle and bustle. German immigrants arrive here by the thousands in steerage from Bremen and walk the streets in odd-looking groups, especially around the market at the Point.

September 18

I visited the Battle Monument and the telegraph office. The monument was erected in honor of those who fell in defense of Baltimore in 1814. It is of white marble, fifty feet tall, and aesthetically satisfactory. If America still has no great sculptors and painters, it has distinguished men in some branches of science. Foremost among these is [Samuel F.B.] Morse, who invented the

telegraph. Telegraphic communication between cities was first established between Baltimore and Washington [in 1844].

September 19

I attended a performance at the Holliday Street Theater⁹: *Philosophy of Nature and His Last Legs, or Experiments in Magnetism*, two excellent pieces, full of wit and satire. It is a nice building, the sets were beautiful, and the entire cast played their parts well. Few people were in the orchestra. The rest of the house was full; but in the boxes I counted only twenty women, all attractive. As is usual in the United States, the courtesans are relegated to the upper balcony, thus putting vice on display, so to speak. These daughters of joy were to be recognized, here as elsewhere, by their flashy clothes. During intermission, like articles for sale, they mingled with men in the barroom. I took refreshment there and saw one beauty who could have been a model for a titanic Venus.

September 20

I arrived in Frederick today, sixty-two miles by train for \$2.50. The railroad goes through a narrow valley, the course of Patapsco Creek. The prettiest spot in that mountainous area is around Ellicott's Mills. A few miles from Frederick, at a junction where one line of the railroad goes to Cumberland, the horizon widens and the landscape flattens into a large fertile area, circled by tall mountains in the distance.

September 21

Frederick is a charming country-town with some beautiful houses. I stayed in the house of a German widow named Stein. She deserves mention because she has well-behaved children and still grieves for her husband four years after his death. Usually the black veil is a net to catch another man. Well-behaved and obedient children are unusual in this country. The fault lies with their parents and teachers.

Yesterday evening a sad event occurred here. In a quarrel a 16-year-old boy killed a younger boy with a knife. Another example of how children are raised! Probably no other country on earth has so much

religious instruction and so much crime, especially stealing and murder.

Frederick's recently completed water-works are a great accomplishment. Water is brought here six miles from the mountains, and the reservoir is in a delightful area near the city. On Sundays, hundreds—those who don't think it a sin to profane the Sabbath—take walks here.

I enjoyed a glorious evening, charmed by the gorgeous landscape, the purple horizon of the sunset, and the heavenly splendor of a star-filled sky; and my feelings rocked softly on waves of lovely sound from bells that rang the solitary wanderer home.

September 22

I visited the reservoir again, with Mr. Siffert. The area is really very beautiful. Catoctin Mountain reaches northeast 100 miles into Pennsylvania.¹⁰ East and west stretches the line of Messrs. Mason and Dixon, dividing free states from slave. Southeast, picturesque Sugarloaf Mountain catches the eye. On the other side of the Catoctin the Potomac flows through Middletown Valley. Charming. Hundreds of farms grace a large area around Frederick. We visited a farm where threshing was going full speed. By machine, 200 bushels a day. I thought of poor Greeks, so impoverished in many regions of their country that they must beat out grain with flails and have trouble getting more than a bushel a day.

In the highest elevations of the Catoctin lies Hamburg, a little German town. And Middletown Valley has many German settlers. The saying about Germans being hard-working is well-deserved. Evidence for it can be seen in Russia, Poland, Hungary, Africa, and America.

I attended a lecture in a church, by a missionary of the Colonization Society.¹¹ Mostly women filled the church. As a rule they are as pretty and as gentle here as elsewhere in the United States. I took an upper seat near the pulpit and looked across at a dozen colored people. They were every shade from black to white, obvious examples of widespread amalgamation. The goal of the Society is to promote voluntary emigration of [free] Negroes to Liberia.¹² The speaker told of the struggle and service of

English and American missionaries who lived, worked, suffered, and died in Liberia. He described the happy state of Negroes there, a religious people, free of white oppression, self-governing, and educating themselves in public schools. There are already fourteen settlements. The little town of Momoria [Monrovia?] has 1,100 people and three churches, one Methodist, one Baptist, and one Presbyterian. The governor is a Negro [Joseph Jenkins Roberts, an octo-ron], as are all officials; and the newspaper is edited by a Negro, Rev. Burns. To illustrate the Liberian editor's talents, the speaker read an article from Burns's newspaper and called slanderous the claims that the paper and the communications of the governor were written by whites. He knew from long residence in Liberia that the claims were false. Liberian colonists exercise sufficient influence for 100 miles around, he said, and the governor has destroyed slave markets 20 miles away. The speaker had with him a Negro boy from Liberia.

Undoubtedly two races cannot live on equal terms in harmony. It would be of great advantage to whites in America, as well as to free blacks (whose freedom without equal rights is a scandal), if free blacks all went to Liberia. But it is nothing but a pious hope. Their love for their homes and their suspicions about Liberia will always hinder substantial emigration; and even if a packet were soon to go between Liberia and Baltimore three times a year, the deep-rooted evil between the races could be mitigated but little.

The evening's worship began with a prayer by the local Lutheran minister, on his knees, speaking slowly and clearly. Six other ministers also knelt at his side. Most of the congregation knelt, too. At the end a collection was taken up. In America, everything that begins with prayer ends with money.

Strong Maryland Catholicism is represented in Frederick by some of the city's nicest buildings: a church, a girls' school, a seminary, and the priests' residence. Soon a women's college, built with state funds, will be finished, a beautiful building.¹³ Under the direction of an Englishman named Winchester, its prospects are good. In

America the female sex can't complain that no care is taken for their education.

I went to Cumberland on the train, 125 miles, \$5.00.

September 23

Three miles from Frederick, where the railroad turns left toward Harpers Ferry, we had to wait a while for the train from Baltimore to Cumberland. Here a German who had taken up with me told me that yesterday afternoon he had shot a young Irishman whom he had caught stealing, and that he was afraid we would have an accident on the way to Harpers Ferry because the tracks were in very bad shape. We had gone only a few miles when the first car derailed. The train stalled. Everyone left their seats. A young man, his crushed foot and smashed arm dripping blood, was pulled from beneath the car, half dead. He had fallen from the platform. A sorry sight. Irresponsibility toward human life here angers me. An accident occurs almost every week, yet no punishment is meted out. The dying man lamented his poor family and begged God for mercy. While the car was being put back on the tracks a collection was taken up for the victim, about \$60. A little help for the widow and orphans, but not even God can bring back the father!

After being stalled for an hour, the train moved again. Though it went slowly, everyone was on pins and needles.

Harpers Ferry, located where the Potomac flows through a wide rocky bed and surrounded by rugged mountains, is very romantically situated. Here the train goes over a long causeway, and one shudders to glance from it into the depths.

Harpers Ferry divides Maryland from Virginia. On the other side of the river, the countryside is rough but the valleys are pleasant. The train goes through a tunnel, in which night is eternal and horrible.

Cumberland, September 24

Cumberland, in Maryland on the Virginia border, is surrounded by mountains rich in coal and iron. The city is not attractive and of little importance, but it grows steadily because of the railway and the national road to Pittsburgh and Wheeling. Frederick and Hagerstown, on the other hand, have gained importance from the railroad.

Nine miles from Cumberland are the famous ironworks of Mount Savage, where over 1,000 people are employed.¹⁴ I inquired at the bookstore and the newspaper office but could get no more statistics to report.

Among Americans here a young lawyer named Evans is distinguished for his learning. He has traveled in Europe and speaks fluent German and French. Such men—of course there are few of them—respect Germany. Only the rabble despises the "Dutchman," and the rabble judges Germany and its people by the German rabble. Evans is also free of religious prejudice. To him even the *Fackel* is not too liberal.

I left Cumberland at 7:00 P.M. Dr. Fellinger, the merchants Treiber and Börner, the teacher Reinhart, and [Friedrich] Raine, editor of the Baltimore *Correspondent*,¹⁵ accompanied me to the stage office. Twelve one-horse carriages stood in front of the hotel, taking on passengers. Stagecoaches are comfortable and seat nine people. Their horses are good, drivers reliable. People usually complain about travel in stage-coaches. I prefer them to trains and steam-boats. One has time to enjoy scenery, and there is opportunity for closer contact with women than is possible without the introduction customary elsewhere.

It is 131 miles from Cumberland to Wheeling, via Uniontown, Brownsville, Washington, and other little [Pennsylvania] towns. Fare: \$7.00. Luggage is weighed. Fifty pounds are free.

REFERENCES

1. Karl R. J. Arndt and May E. Olson, *German-American Newspapers and Periodicals, 1732-1955* (Heidelberg, 1961), p. 189.
2. This sketch of his career is drawn from Heinrich Armin Rattermann, *Deutsch-Amerikanisches Biographikon und Dichter-Album*, Part 3, in Rattermann's *Gesammelte Ausgewählte Werke*, 16 vols. (Cincinnati, 1911), XII, 206-23.
3. Robert G. Lunde, "The Slavery South at Noon-tide," 1846-1852," in Thomas D. Clark, *Travels in the Old South: A Bibliography*, 3 vols. (Norman, Okla., 1959), III, 269. Ludvigh was unquestionably candid but not entirely objective, as the following pages show. Indeed, he would have been insulted to be called anything but an advocate of radical ideas and revolutionary policies. Still, his point of view does not lessen his worth as a travel writer, and may enhance it. For, besides recording objectively many aspects of travel, he observed intently everything that touched his socio-political beliefs, thus seeing what a less-committed observer might miss. Many of his slyly disparaging remarks, for

all their irony and sarcasm, are insightful commentaries and valuable reports.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 268.
5. *Licht und Schattenbilder republikanischer Zustände ... Reise in den Vereinigten Staaten von Nord-Amerika, 1846/47* (Leipzig and New York, 1848), pp. 37-74. Passages of philosophical reflection, and other statements unrelated to Maryland, have been deleted.
6. It was the nation's first important monument to Washington, begun in 1815 and finished in 1829.
7. The present University of Maryland was formed of this University of Maryland and Maryland State College in College Park.
8. Originally Fell's Point, a separate entity until added to Baltimore Town in 1773.
9. Founded in 1813, the illustrious Holliday Street Theater closed in financial difficulty in 1846. Ludvig must have seen one of the last performances before the theater reopened in 1854.
10. Catoctin Mountain is usually given the length of about thirty-seven miles.
11. Founded in 1817.
12. Under the leadership of former American Negroes, Liberia was proclaimed an independent republic in 1847.
13. Frederick Female Seminary, later Hood College.
14. In 1844, these ironworks made the first solid-track rails in America, bringing prosperity to the town for years.
15. That is, *Der Deutsche Correspondent* (1841-1918).

BOOK REVIEWS

The Hammond-Harwood House Atlas of Historical Maps of Maryland, 1608-1908. By Edward C. Papenfuse and Joseph M. Coale III. (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1982. Pp. viii, 128. \$37.50.)

Measuring 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ " by 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ " and weighing nearly four pounds, this volume contains the best collection of historical maps about pre-World War I Maryland available today. It is, instantly, a standard reference source to be consulted by anyone concerned with Maryland's development during the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. 142 plates (15 of them in full color) illustrate the growth of the colony and state. The reader may follow that growth through the maps, of course, but each map is also described in terms of its origin, its historical significance, and its outstanding cartographic features. In short, this is even more a book about Maryland's map-makers and map-making than it is a visualization of Maryland's changing geography.

The plan of the book follows Maryland's historical development in ten segments. "Exploration," "Settlement to Colony," and "Charting the Way" are the titles of the first three segments. Here, one finds the maps of John Smith, John Ogilby, Augustine Herrman, Herman Moll, John Thornton, and Christopher Browne along with lesser-known figures. Figure 31, "Detail from Walter Hoxton, *Mapp of the Bay of Chesapeake . . . , 1735*," is particularly interesting. Evidently, it was the first navigational chart of the Bay—about 100 years before the beginning of the U. S. Coast Survey.

"From Colony to State," "In the New Nation," and "Growth and Disunion" constitute the fourth, fifth, and sixth segments. Joshua Fry, Peter Jefferson, Mason and Dixon, Dennis Griffith, Samuel Lewis, Fielding Lucas, Jr., John Henry Alexander, and Thomas G. Bradford are featured along with many other map-makers. Internal improvements, the construction of roads, canals and railroads created the need for better, more accurate maps and greater attention to topographical detail early in the period, and then the Civil War demanded it. One need not read the text to learn this; it is all too visible in the maps themselves.

The seventh and eighth segments are entitled "Enterprising Map Makers" and "Mapping Cities and Towns." They demonstrate how the evolution of America as a capitalistic society

eventually touched map makers and their markets; and, of course, only an urbanizing and industrializing society would be interested in mapping urban development. Charles Varle, Isaac Bond, Simon J. Martenet, G. M. Hopkins, Thomas H. Poppleton, and George W. and Walter S. Bromley are familiar names of the mid-to-late nineteenth century in these segments.

"From Pragmatic Surveying to Scientific Cartography" and "Last Frontiers" are the last two segments. The first title indicates its theme: scientific cartography, employing more rigorous measurements of accuracy and specialization, replaced former standards. Technological and social breakthroughs connected with the second phase of the industrial revolution toward the end of the nineteenth century spurred this change. Map-making was "modernized," especially after the creation of the Maryland Geological Survey in 1896. As the authors note, William B. Clark and Edward B. Mathews played pivotal roles in launching this new phase and allying it with the work of the federal government.

The text is good history in terms of interpretation and contains a wealth of factual information. A Preface places the work in proper perspective and elaborates upon the procedures used to finish the volume. The notes are full and the index excellent.

One final note: the Hopkins Press deserves a commendation for producing this as a work of art equal to many of those reproduced in the volume. The paper stock, the quality of the color and black and white reproductions, the print, the binding, even the black and beige cover with gold lettering—all combine to make this a very attractive package.

University of Maryland
Baltimore County

GARY L. BROWNE

A Matter of Hours: Treason at Harper's Ferry.

By Paul R. Teator. (Rutherford, Madison, and Teaneck: Fairleigh Dickinson University Press, 1982. 360pp. Illus. \$27.50.)

Ten thousand Union soldiers at Harper's Ferry surrendered to Stonewall Jackson in September 1862. Had they held out for just "a matter of hours" longer, they might have been saved. Their continued resistance, moreover, might have forced Lee into a humiliating retreat from Maryland—or into a defeat far worse than that of Antietam.

Heretofore, historians have accepted the U. S. Army's official verdict: that the commander at Harper's Ferry, Colonel Dixon Stansbury Miles, was an imbecile. Mr. Teetor, however, charges Miles with treason. He points out that Miles was a Marylander with the kind of background that sometimes produced southern sympathies. Furthermore, Miles was embittered by the career-crippling accusation that he had been drunk at First Bull Run. (He seems to have taken brandy and opium for his dysentery.) The author goes on to argue that not even an imbecile could have made as many mistakes as did Miles in defense of the Ferry; and so the mistakes must have been intentional. Then comes the conspiracy: Miles must have sent word to Lee that he would surrender. Conspiracy or not, the surrender took place—but Miles was killed in action just as the white flags went up, a misfortune which makes Teetor's thesis hard to prove or disprove.

The author is a retired lawyer and judge. His interest in this topic apparently derives from the fact that his maternal grandfather, Colonel Stephen Downey, was one of Miles's subordinates. The book is well documented and well written, and there does not seem to be any family axe on the grinding wheel, despite the genealogical tie. In terms of mechanics, my only complaint is that the maps are hard to read.

I do, however, have other and more serious complaints. The author's evidence is entirely circumstantial and often quite weak. Teetor asserts that Miles was short on military brain-power, and yet he credits the Colonel with extraordinary cleverness in plotting his treason. He admits that Miles may have gone back to alcohol and/or opium during the siege, but he will not allow simple personality disintegration as even a possible cause of the tragedy. When Miles says or does things that contradict the conspiracy theory, Teetor dismisses his behavior as a mere charade.

Lee, or Jackson, one would suppose, must have said something about the treason—if it occurred—and someone on the Confederate side, we should think, would eventually have revealed the truth. But there is no such testimony. Instead, we are asked to take seriously the notion that, when Jackson begs God's help in capturing Harper's Ferry, he is in reality sending Lee a pre-arranged code-signal concerning the projected treason. And when one of Jackson's aides explicitly denies that Miles was a traitor, his testimony is dismissed on the grounds that he is merely protecting a fellow-Marylander's reputation. Then, however—after implying throughout the book that only a fool would doubt Miles's communication

with Lee—the author suddenly, incredibly, admits that such communication has not in fact been proved! Yet he insists that Miles was, beyond all doubt, a traitor.

We are also asked to believe that Miles was killed by his own men—picked off neatly by a cannon, and at long range; this based on the death-bed statement of a supposed witness made some forty years later.

No, the book does not convince. Indeed, I would reject Teetor's theory without any reservations were it not for the one strong argument that he makes: it appears that Miles very likely received a message from McClellan promising swift relief—and then concealed that message from his officers while discussing the question of surrender. But the effect of this damning evidence is spoiled by shortcomings elsewhere in the book.

Alas, *Matter of Hours* comes very close to being just another conspiracy-buff's delight, like the books about the Two Oswalds, or about How-Roosevelt-Knew-That-Pearl-Harbor-Was-Going-To-Be-Attacked. As a lawyer, Teetor ought to remember the jury's obligation to presume innocence—and the Constitution's call for two witnesses to the same overt act of treason.

Towson State University

KARL G. LAREW

Beware the People Weeping: Public Opinion and the Assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

By Thomas Reed Turner (Baton Rouge and London: Louisiana State University Press, 1982. Pp. xvi, 265. \$27.50.)

One's first reaction upon reading the title of Thomas Reed Turner's book is to sigh, "Good grief, another book about the Lincoln assassination." The death of the nation's sixteenth President, including the pursuit, capture, and trial of the people who conspired to kill him, represents one of the half dozen most hotly debated events in American history. Library shelves sag under the weight of a 117-year compilation of books, pamphlets, and articles explaining the who, how, why, and wherefore of that bloody deed. Now Turner comes along to tell us "what really happened" (p. xii). One is naturally skeptical, yet Turner's book does offer rewards, if not total satisfaction.

Turner has three interrelated objectives. Besides telling us what really happened, he seeks, secondly, to explain why Lincoln's contemporaries reacted as they did to the crime and, thirdly, to evaluate previous historical interpretations of the assassination. He is most successful in realizing his second objective. Turner's

chief concern—underscored by the book's subtitle—is to portray the events of April–June 1865 in the atmosphere of fear and confusion which engulfed them. He accomplishes this task better than any previous writer. Half of the book's sixteen chapters deal directly with the theme of public reaction to the assassination, and nearly all other chapters, most of them discussing the drama surrounding John Wilkes Booth and his fellow conspirators, touch on it. Particularly interesting are chapters that describe the shift in northern public opinion towards the South after Lincoln's death, the role of northern clergymen in fostering public desire for revenge, southern reaction to Lincoln's death, and government efforts to implicate former Confederates in the assassination.

The crux of Turner's scenario goes something like this. Immediately following Robert E. Lee's surrender at Appomattox, a spirit of genuine reconciliation swept through much of the North. This spontaneous wave of forgiveness, fragile as it may have been, promised early and peaceful reunion. Lincoln's violent death changed all that. Calls for peace gave way to demands for vengeance. Northerners assumed that southerners had perpetrated the crime as part of a last-ditch effort to win the war. This was a logical assumption. Rumors of abduction and assassination plots had swirled around Lincoln since his first inaugural. These rumors had been largely discounted at the time, particularly so as the war neared its conclusion, but the sudden shock of assassination resurrected old fears and made even the most far-fetched tales of Confederate plots and invasions sound entirely feasible. A climate of confusion and uncertainty prevailed in the nation's capital city.

If one considers events in this context, many of the mysteries and alleged conspiracies traditionally associated with Lincoln's death melt away. "Unexplained" events acquire reasonable answers. Charges that members of the Lincoln government (especially everyone's favorite villain, Edwin M. Stanton) were responsible for the death of their chief seem naive. Accusations that the government delayed in pursuing Booth, purposefully allowing him an opportunity to escape, appear uninformed. Suggestions that the captured conspirators were mistreated while awaiting trial and then condemned by a highly irregular military, rather than civilian, trial to prohibit them from implicating government officials in the plot simply crumble.

Turner's review of the "major historiographical trends" also has merit. Without giving a tediously exhaustive analysis of the literature, he successfully dismantles several important conspiracy theories about the assassination by noting precisely where and how previous writers have distorted or exaggerated the story. How-

ever, convincing as his rebuttals tend to be, Turner perhaps goes too far in seeking to explain why these writers have concocted false theories. Too many writers, he claims, "have been busy stretching dubious material to fit their theories" (p. 13). This seems a bit unfair. Unless Turner insisted, which he does not, that previous writers have deliberately ignored or invented pieces of evidence to prove their cases, he should presume that they have been honest, well-intentioned chaps. If this is true, then we have cases not of devious sensationalists stretching facts to fit pre-conceived theories, but of befuddled researchers trying to make sense of oftentimes fragmentary and contradictory evidence. After all, Sherlock Holmes has taught us—detective and historian alike—that if we eliminate the impossible, what remains, no matter how improbable, must be the truth. A more legitimate criticism of previous writers is that they failed to dig deep enough for the "facts." In contrast, one of the strengths of Turner's book is that it provides many of the missing facts, acquired, in some instances, from previously unavailable sources.

Turner's own appraisal of events is even-handed, yet, other than to refute a few notorious contentions and tell us what did not happen—admittedly valuable contributions—he does not give an entirely clear picture of what did happen. This is not necessarily his fault, for areas of mystery still haunt Lincoln's death, and Turner, to his credit, does not pretend to have fathomed them all. Fittingly, most of the remaining mysteries center on the pursuit and capture of Booth: how and why did Booth die (suicide or murder); who ripped the "missing" pages from Booth's diary; why was the diary not demanded by the defense at the conspiracy trial; what was Lafayette C. Baker's precise role in the capture of Booth? Turner does shed new light on the role of Louis Weichmann (see also Joseph George, Jr.'s, recent article in *Civil War History*), but one wishes that he had done more to broaden our knowledge of other, still obscure, aspects of the assassination. For example, he tells us very little about the "minor" conspirators. Turner devotes an entire chapter each to the cases of Mary Surratt, John Surratt, and Samuel Mudd (Booth pops up everywhere), but then lumps the six other conspirators in one chapter, and four-fifths of that chapter deals with just one of the six, though admittedly the most controversial, Lewis Paine. Moreover, while laying to rest some old ghosts, Turner raises fresh apparitions. For instance, he carefully refutes the charges of complicity against Stanton, but then prompts new questions about the behavior of Judge-Advocate Joseph Holt.

All things considered, Turner has written a very good, if not definitive, book about the Lincoln assassination. His major contribution is to

focus attention on the climate of opinion in which the crime and its aftermath must ultimately be evaluated. He admits that plenty of genuine mysteries still surround the death of Lincoln, but insists that the marvelously contrived webs of conspiracy spun by previous writers to explain events have done more harm than good. While serious students of the assassination will regret the absence of a bibliography, the book makes good reading.

McNeese State

University

DANIEL E. SUTHERLAND

The Papers of Frederick Law Olmsted, Volume II, Slavery and the South, 1852-1857. Edited by Charles E. Beveridge, Charles Capen McLaughlin, and David Schuyler. (Baltimore and London: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1981. Pp. xxiv, 503. \$27.50.)

Many readers of this *Magazine* will know Frederick Law Olmsted as a landscape architect whose most famous projects were Central Park in New York City and the grounds of the U. S. Capitol in Washington, D. C. (His son, F. L. Olmsted, Jr., designed Baltimore's Roland Park suburb.) Yet he did not become superintendent of the newly formed Central Park until 1857, and it was 1865 before landscape architecture really became his profession. Before 1857 he was primarily a literary man and traveler, and it was as a traveling correspondent for the *New-York Daily Times* and *New York Daily Tribune* that he made his lasting contributions to the literature of the Old South. This volume of his letters thus will be of great interest to southern historians.

Olmsted began his first journey to the South on December 10, 1852, and after traveling through Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Tennessee, arrived back in New York on April 6, 1853. Beginning in February 1853 he described his experiences in a series of fifty letters, collectively titled "The South," which appeared in the *Daily Times* for a year. These letters, signed "Yeoman," formed the basis of *A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States*, published in early 1856. While this initial series of letters was coming out weekly in the *Daily Times*, Olmsted set forth on his second journey, lasting from November 10, 1853, to July 31, 1854, accompanied by his brother John Hull Olmsted. Traveling by train and boat to New Orleans, the Olmsteds quickly steamboated up the Red River to Natchitoches, Louisiana, then procured horses to ride to Texas.

From December 20, 1853, to May 17, 1854, they visited Texas, being especially enchanted

with the thrifty non-slaveowning German settlers they found in the central portion of the state. Then they hurried back across the South to New York. While on this trip Frederick Law Olmsted began a second series for the *Daily Times*, fifteen letters collectively entitled "A Tour of the Southwest." These letters became part of his second book on the South, *A Journey Through Texas*, published in early 1857. In fact his brother, John Hull, actually wrote the Texas book, utilizing Frederick's published letters and manuscript notes. In 1857 Frederick Law Olmsted, immersed in his materials for yet another book, *A Journey in the Backcountry* (1960), published a third series of ten letters, entitled "The Southerner at Home," in the *New York Daily Tribune*. In 1861 he drew material from all three books to produce the two-volume *Cotton Kingdom*, published in the midst of the Civil War.

Frederick Law Olmsted's books have been widely used by historians of the South, and quotes from them are sprinkled through most histories of the Old South. The major contribution of the book under review is to place Olmsted's volumes in the context of his evolving attitudes toward the South and slavery, and to point up the utility of relying more upon the letters published serially than upon the revised versions presented in the books. When Olmsted set out on his first excursion to the South, his views toward slavery were quite paternalistic. Earlier that year he had justified southern slavery as a means to civilize the Africans, and his initial letters were more descriptive of the South than critical. He did favor free labor and stereotypical Yankee thrift, but he urged his northern readers to have forbearance toward southern institutions. He expected slavery would slowly die out in the normal course of events.

Yet by the end of his second sojourn in the South the institution of slavery had far more menacing implications for Olmsted. And before he began taking the first series of letters and transforming them into *A Journey in the Seaboard States*, sectional tension increased significantly. By then Olmsted perceived an ominous slave-power threat to free institutions, and through subtle changes and omissions the tone of toleration that marked the *Daily Times* letters vanished; the four resulting books based on his travels became themselves part of the sectional controversy. The final compilation, *The Cotton South*, was clearly intended to be ammunition in the literary war to win the allegiance of northerners and the English. As the lengthy introduction and the evidence of the documents reprinted here make clear, Olmsted's volumes need to be scrutinized carefully before they are uncritically quoted as objective, simply descriptive travel narratives. By including the text of

the newspaper letters omitted from the book versions, and by indicating which portions of the original letters were excised or revised for the books, the editors give great assistance to future users of the Olmsted journals.

Over half the book reprints the letters to the New York papers that were omitted from or drastically revised for the four southern books, including several private letters that help illuminate Olmsted's views. After returning to New York in late 1854 Olmsted served over a year as managing editor of *Putnam's Monthly Magazine*, then spent much of 1856 traveling in Europe for his publishing firm. A portion of his correspondence as a literary expert and publisher is here reproduced. Throughout much of 1857 Olmsted was caught up in the free-soil crusade. While he was actively concerned about events in Kansas, he was more committed to establishing a band of free-soil colonies in Texas to block the spread of slavery. Here he drew freely on the friendships made among Texas Germans, and historians of the antislavery movement and antebellum Texas will find much useful material in this final section of Olmsted's correspondence.

The book is handsomely produced, and the editors have provided the editorial scaffolding that has become one of the major glories of American historical scholarship. Their long introduction places this portion of Olmsted's career in its biographical and historical context; a detailed biographical directory is provided for major correspondents of Olmsted; elaborate footnotes identify the places and minor persons mentioned. There are three highly useful appendices: a calendar of all Olmsted's newspaper letters on the South, an annotated itinerary of his travels throughout Dixie, and a detailed chronology of his career for the period covered (1852-1857). The index is complete for proper nouns, but less than adequate for Olmsted's comments on such mundane but important topics as corn and cattle. Some readers will be disappointed that—in this correspondence at least—Olmsted only makes four insignificant references to Maryland. Still Olmsted was a fascinating writer, and every reader will find this an engrossing account of the region and one critical observer's changing views of it.

Rice University

JOHN B. BOLES

Leonard P. Curry. *The Free Black in Urban America, 1800-1850: The Shadow of the Dream* (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1981). 346 pp., Index, Notes, Tables, Appendices. \$25.00)

Twelve years ago Professor Leonard Curry of

the University of Louisville set upon the task of filling the gap in urban history between Carl Bridenbaugh's studies of colonial cities and Blake McKelvey's broad analysis of cities after the Civil War. His investigations quickly focused, however, on the experiences of free blacks in the nation's fifteen largest cities. Like other scholars of recent years, Curry tries to examine the free black communities of the early nineteenth century from the viewpoint of the blacks themselves, rather than from the traditional white perspective. Richard Wade has analyzed slavery in the cities, others have studied the consequences of freedom for the exslave after emancipation, and the bulk of black historians have dealt with slavery on the South's rural plantations. But no one else has attempted to compare the urban experiences of free blacks in the first half of the nineteenth century. Curry ends his history with 1850, arguing that the decade preceding the Civil War is too different, too volatile, to be included with the previous decades. He is probably right; the issues of abolition and sectionalism tend to distort the normal patterns of life in the urban centers.

In one of his best chapters, Curry examines the occupations and working conditions of free urban blacks. Not surprisingly he finds that every city placed restrictions on the jobs they could hold and the wages they could earn. In Baltimore, as the number of free black workers increased, white city dwellers petitioned the Maryland legislature in 1827 to limit Negro participation in the hauling and carrying business, and in carpentry and the skilled trades. Northern cities with smaller black populations, but with less certainty about black-white relationships, were more likely to create legal and social restrictions than were southern cities. Employment opportunities for free blacks were better in the South than they were in New England. Nevertheless most urban black workers were treated much like newly arrived immigrants, confined to the most menial or common labor jobs.

Similarly in housing and property ownership, free blacks suffered the burden of discrimination. In Baltimore, the only city where racial segregation was not on the rise by 1850, free blacks were scattered in alleys and in the poorest neighborhoods. A free black arrested in the city for vagrancy could be sold to an employer for one year. And Maryland law limited free blacks coming into the state to a residency of only two weeks.

On the whole when Curry compares Baltimore to cities elsewhere it seems among the least restrictive of the large urban centers. The schools, churches, and social organizations of Baltimore were important agents in alleviating

the harshest conditions for free blacks. As early as 1797 Joseph Townshend, A Quaker, advertised for The Baltimore African Academy where blacks could begin their education. Sharp Street Methodist and Bethel African Methodist Episcopal Churches both founded schools in the early 1800s, and the St. Francis Academy for girls was set up in 1829 by the Oblate Sisters of Providence. Racial discrimination in seating and lack of influence in church policy often led blacks to break away from white congregations, as was the case when Baltimore's blacks withdrew from Lovely Lane Methodist and Strawberry Alley churches. Baltimore Methodists formed the first independent black denomination in the United States when they created the African Methodist Episcopal Church in 1816.

There is much more in Curry's book about the characteristics of urban black populations, race riots, crime and vice, poverty and public welfare, mortality, and black participation in, and protest against, white society. Although he writes well, he does not always overcome the repetition and dullness that forces its way into a comparison of conditions and experiences in fifteen cities. Nevertheless he shows both the "commonality and diversity" in the urban free black experience. A brief bibliographical essay and extensive notes demonstrate the impressive research that his conclusions are based upon. The professional historian will find his book a source of valuable comparisons on the urban free black conditions and the general reader will be enlightened by the contrast of Baltimore with other large cities.

Towson State University DEAN R. ESSLINGER

City Hospitals: The Undercare of the Underprivileged. By Harry F. Dowling. (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1982. Pp. vii, 245. Indexed. \$22.50.)

Dowling's book is not a brilliant piece of scholarship, but it is a very good examination of the history of America's city hospitals. The author defines well the title of his study. His study is centered on public hospitals in large metropolitan areas. Dowling is not concerned with city hospitals in small towns. He finds that city hospitals in these towns often care for as many private patients as public. According to Dowling, the primary role of city hospitals in large cities has been to serve the needs of the chronically ill poor.

In the writing of this history, Dowling made a thorough survey of the secondary literature and the published reports and records. In spite of Dowling's extensive research, he failed to tap

the voluminous materials available in the manuscripts collections at urban universities and historical societies such as the Maryland Historical Society. Manuscripts would have particularly enriched the early parts of the book.

Dowling, a physician, writes fine prose. He organizes his book into four periods. The Poorhouse period covers the Colonial era to 1860. The city hospital in this period was merely a subordinate part of the almshouse. From 1860 to 1910, the Practitioner period saw the emphasis of care shift gradually away from custodial care to physician and nursing care in city hospitals. The Academic period began just before World War I, and Dowling credits the Abraham Flexner report on medical education in the United States and Canada as a major factor for the development of this period. This period was noted for its use of full-time medical staff, the incorporation of medical students as part of the medical care team, and the proliferation of hospital affiliated nursing schools, and the beginning of collegiate nursing education. The Community period began in the late 1960s and continues. In this period, Dowling claims the academic medical community is attempting to expand the role of city hospitals to serve the more diverse needs of the chronically ill poor.

Although Dowling has no thesis in the introduction in his book, the four parts of the book have a coherent structure organized around three issues. These issues are: city hospitals and city government politics, practitioner and house politics, and the quality of medical care.

The American public hospital of the Poorhouse period was patterned after the 16th century English almshouse-hospital system. The first American almshouse-hospital was established in Philadelphia in 1731-1732. Like their English counterparts, American hospitals were haphazardly operated. These facilities depended on contracted physicians who had varied degrees of competency. Furthermore, inmates provided much of the care to the sick. This situation reduced the quality of medical care, forcing the system to rely heavily on untrained persons to dispense custodial care to the chronically ill. Inmates often were corrupt, stealing the belongings of the sick and depriving the sick of food and other essentials. Superintendents of the almshouse-hospital system saw their duties as not so much to improve the quality of medical care as much as to control a mixed-bag of never-do-wells.

The Practitioner period saw a separation of many of the city hospitals from poorhouses by the Civil War era. The period was not devoid of corruption and the incompetency of politicized hospital administrations. In time, professionalism made significant inroads. After the war, the

development of nursing schools improved medical care at city hospitals. Dowling treats particularly well the role of women bringing better care to city hospitals.

The Academic period is the best written and the most authoritative part of the book. Probably, the author's intimate participation in this era as a physician and a city hospital administrator helped him greatly to assess the era's significance. The writing of the author from start to finish is more analytical, something missing in the earliest parts of the book devoted to the 18th and 19th centuries. During the Academic period the city hospitals grew in size, but more importantly their administration became professionalized. These hospitals broke free of the stigma of being charity hospitals.

The Community period of Dowling's study consisted of only one chapter, and it was very disappointing as it only scratched the surface of the developments of the Academic Medical center. The author hardly touched on the idea of this center possibly radically transforming the quality of medical care in urban areas. Dowling did discuss well why in his opinion the city hospital should be maintained. He argues the poor record of private hospitals in treating the chronic and specialized problems of the poor in the past makes it imperative that the city hospital survive.

*Maryland Commission on
Afro-American
History and Culture*

MICHAEL A. COOKE

periodicals, newspaper advertisements describing black magazines, biographical information on their editors, and other useful clues. Through these efforts she obtained varying types of information about ninety-seven periodicals and their editors.

These black periodicals, according to Bullock, were more like "little magazines" than general magazines of the period. Both black periodicals and "little magazines" "... published material that was unacceptable to the general press because of nonconformist points of view or limited interests." In addition, because their editors "... espoused causes that had not gained public support [they] had to initiate their own publications." Black publications grew in number when Afro-Americans felt under increased attack. Thus, during the period studied by Bullock, the number of black publications increased prior to the Civil War and after the demise of Reconstruction, periods when black civil and political rights were under siege.

The most significant of the periodicals printed prior to Emancipation were the *Mirror of Liberty* and the *National Reformer*. Their appearance two months apart in 1838 marked the beginnings of the Afro-American periodical press. Essentially abolitionist magazines, these two periodicals represented the ideologies of the New York Committee of Vigilance and the American Moral Reform Society. However, not all of the early black periodicals were reform magazines. The contents of the first periodicals covered everything from the literary writings of free black Louisianans in *L'Album Littéraire* to the advantages of colonization in the *New Republican* and *Liberian Missionary Journal*. Multifariousness, too, characterized post-Reconstruction Afro-American magazines. Among them were periodicals that appealed to a general audience like the *Voice of the Negro*, one of the few black periodicals to carry advertisements from national firms (Its Coca-Cola ad stated: "For Students and all Brain Workers. Take one glass Coca-Cola at eight to keep the brain clear and the mind active until eleven."). In addition, there were special interest periodicals like *Women's Era* which focused primarily on the activities of the National Association of Colored Women. Yet, even with their diverse interests, certain themes were emphasized constantly in the editorials and articles of all these magazines. Most common were appeals for racial pride, education, group cooperation, and political activism; all themes which exhorted their readers to struggle towards higher goals and against the status quo.

The people who edited these journals and admonished their readers were, like their magazines, a polyglot group. Very few of them were

The Afro-American Periodical Press, 1838-1909. By Penelope L. Bullock. (Baton Rouge, La.: Louisiana State University Press, 1981. Pp. xiv, 330. Illustrations, index. \$25.00.)

Until recently scholars interested in black publications have focused their attention largely on black newspapers. Journals like the *North Star* and the *New York Age* enticed researchers because they published regularly over several years and were recognized barometers of the Afro-American community. Moreover, prominent blacks often edited or supported these papers, making them an even more valuable source. Black periodicals were overlooked because they frequently suffered from inadequate financial support and their short life spans left few extant issues, thus complicating the task of retracing their existence.

In *The Afro-American Periodical Press, 1838-1909* Penelope Bullock adds to our knowledge of black publications. She obtained much of the materials for her book by scouring through libraries and archives searching for copies of old

journalists by trade. Most often they were educators, ministers, businessmen, or physicians by profession. Their journals were labors of love. Quite a few of them were well known figures in the black community. Frederick Douglass, W.E.B. DuBois, Daniel Payne, and Pauline Hopkins all edited periodicals at one time or another. Yet, perhaps even more interesting are Bullock's biographies of less notable editors. The accounts provide instructive insights into the struggles of launching a black publication without the built-in clientele and public support often available to nationally known editors. Moreover, as a whole the biographies show the determination of all the editors to provide an outlet for the views of the Afro-American community. For them it was important that blacks reinforce in their own minds as well as in the minds of the rest of the nation, both the achievements of Afro-Americans and their unwillingness to have their rights ignored or eroded. Editors of black periodicals saw their journals as key components in the struggle for visibility.

Bullock similarly adds to the visibility of early black periodicals. The appendixes of her book include a very useful finding-list, a chronology of the periodicals, and a geography of the periodicals. Each of these guides should prove quite useful to later researchers.

Although Bullock's study provides a wealth of information about black periodicals, she unfortunately fails to critically analyze her sources. We really do not know if these ninety-seven magazines represented the full spectrum of pe-

riodicals of this period. The journals she located seemed quite middle class in orientation. Their editors came largely from the black intelligentsia and offered traditional middle class solutions for the plight of blacks. Who constituted the readership of these periodicals? We have no idea whether working class and poor blacks, who were the bulk of the black population, read and enjoyed them or whether these periodicals were directed towards the middle class. Examining circulation figures, when available, would provide one way of judging the breadth of the readership of these magazines.

Even more important however, is the absence of an overall interpretive framework in Bullock's work. There is no unifying vision linking the magazines and their editors other than the fact that they are black. At times Bullock talks briefly about the attributes they have in common, but she does not provide a systematic comparative analysis of the contents of the journals. It would be useful to know, for example, what form of political activism each journal advocated. This information might offer useful insights into the shifting political perspectives of nineteenth century Afro-Americans. *The Afro-American Periodical Press, 1838-1909* provides important new scholarship on black periodicals and their editors. Unhappily, interpretation of this information has been left to later scholars.

*The National Museum
of American History
Smithsonian Institution*

SPENCER R. CREW

NEWS AND NOTICES

DAVIE T. HARRELL 1910-1982

We are saddened by the passing of Mrs. Harrell, who served the Society and its members for twenty-five years as telephone operator, membership secretary, and business manager.

Long-time readers of this *Magazine* owe her a particular debt of gratitude: in the days before our subscription lists were automated, Mrs. Harrell attended personally to the mailing of the *Magazine*. She also maintained the back stock of our publications, filling orders for libraries, historians and genealogists in need of that one special volume or article for study. Mrs. Harrell's special skills and her warmth and affection for the Society and her fellow staff members will be missed by all who knew her.

The Society has established a memorial fund in her name, and contributions from readers of the *Magazine* are welcomed.

AUTHOR SOUGHT

The Trustees of the Museum and Library of Maryland History, Maryland Historical Society are conducting a search for an author to write a new general history of Maryland. This proposed publication will consist of two illustrated volumes to be directed toward a general audience and suitable for use as a college text.

The first volume will consist of a narrative history of approximately one hundred thousand words (300 pages), covering the following aspects of state history: political, economic (including environmental and technological), cultural (including religion, education, intellectual, the arts and popular culture such as sports) and social (including immigration, urbanization, and ethnic concerns). Of particular importance for the first volume is readability in style and format.

The second volume, also of about 300 pages, will serve as an appendix to the narrative history. It will include charts, maps, chronologies, an annotated bibliography, tables and lists of information about Maryland history.

The author will be responsible for the narrative history and for directing the format and contents of the second volume. He or she will be provided with research assistance. Sections of the manuscript will be reviewed by scholarly experts in specific areas

Persons wishing to be considered for this position should submit a resumé, examples of published work, and a one page letter summarizing their special qualifications for this project by March 31, 1983. Applicants will be reviewed on a point system based on educational qualifications, appropriate teaching and publication experience in Maryland or American history, knowledge of Maryland history and writing ability. The selection of the author will be announced by June 30, 1983 and work should begin no later than September 1983. Remuneration will be determined by the author's qualifications and will allow the author to spend a minimum of one year full-time on the project. A final manuscript will be expected between September 1984 and September 1985.

Applications should be addressed to:

Maryland History Subcommittee
Museum and Library of Maryland History
Maryland Historical Society
201 W. Monument St.
Baltimore, Maryland 21201

S.H.E.A.R.

The Society for Historians of the Early Republic is the major organization for persons interested in the early national and Jacksonian periods of American history, from about 1789 to 1848. SHEAR encourages the study of all aspects of American history and culture during this period.

The primary benefit of membership is a subscription to the quarterly, *Journal of the Early Republic*. Membership, including the *Journal*, is \$10. per year. Members outside the United States should add a \$.5. surcharge for foreign postage. A few back copies of all issues are still available.

Inquiries about manuscript submissions may be sent to Professor Ralph D. Gray, Editor, *Journal of the Early Republic*, Indiana University, 925 W. Michigan Street, Indianapolis, IN 46202. Communications about book reviews should be directed to Professor James C. Bradford, Book Review Editor, *Journal of the Early Republic*, Texas A & M University, College Station, TX 77843. Inquiries about membership should go to James H. Broussard, History Dept., University of Delaware, Newark, DE 19711.

MARYLAND PICTURE PUZZLE



FIGURE 1.

We will start with an easy one. Which streetcorner is depicted here and approximately when was the photograph taken? There are several landmarks to help you determine both the location and the date of this photograph. In your answer, please let us know how you identified the image.

In each issue of Maryland Picture Puzzle we show a photograph from the Maryland Historical Society collection. The photograph is, in some way, puzzling. We would like you to test your visual skills and knowledge of Maryland in iden-

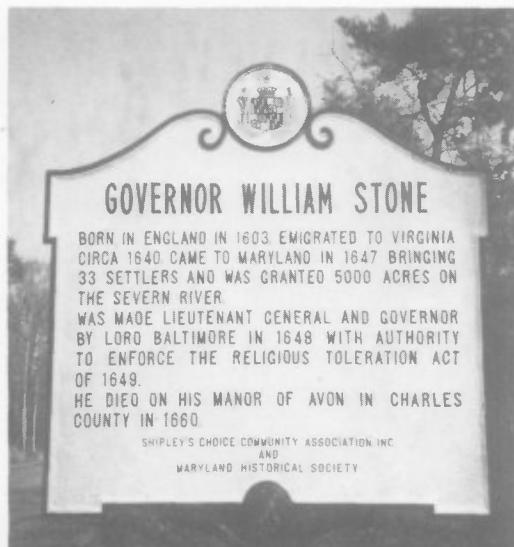
tifying it. Please send your solution to the Prints & Photos editor of the *Maryland Historical Magazine*. In the next issue of Maryland Picture Puzzle we will print the answer and a new picture puzzle.

ROADSIDE HISTORICAL MARKERS AROUND THE STATE

Beginning with this issue, roadside historical markers of special interest from each county will be featured. The Maryland Historical Society has been responsible over the years for the erection of more than 600 such markers throughout the state. It is our hope that the markers shown in the *Magazine* will encourage readers to visit new places of interest in Maryland.

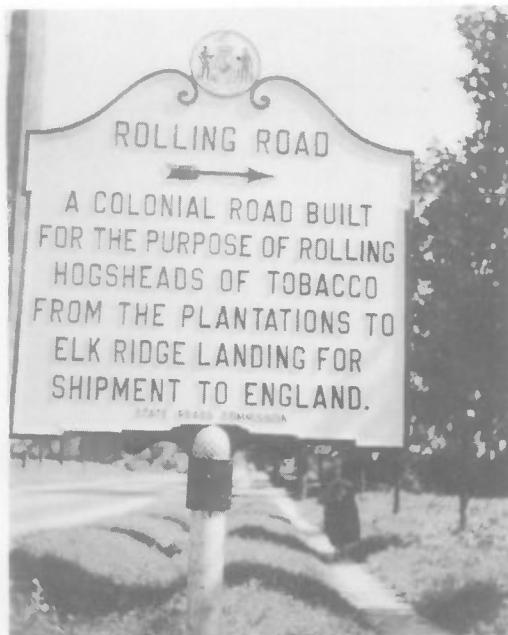
ANNE ARUNDEL COUNTY

Governor William Stone. Location: From Route 3, go east on Benfield Boulevard to Governor Stone Parkway. Turn left. Marker is 300 feet north of the intersection with Benfield Boulevard.



BALTIMORE COUNTY

Rolling Road. Location: Southeast corner of intersection of Frederick Road (Maryland Route 144) with Rolling Road (Maryland Route 166).



CALVERT COUNTY

Frazier's Chapel. Location: Route 331 in Preston on church property.

